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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ - - Editor.

The Gazette Fidler after an attack of bed-bugs, now sees Hessians. Golly, he must have the poker had.

The Republicans are not making any headway with their candidate for associate judge—they have got into bad Rhoads.

Subscribe for the REPORTER and get an honest, outspoken Democratic paper. We don't get our patrons by appropriating the list of another.

The Gazette, the bed bug organ, last week showed signs of having gone crazy. Solomon said, too much oppression will make a wise man mad; bed-bugs, however, have made fence-rail nose of the Gazette crazy.

There is not a soldier in Centre county more deserving the votes of the people, than John Noll, our candidate for sheriff. As a citizen his life is beyond reproach. In qualifications he is possessed of all required to make a first class sheriff.

The bed-bug business has made the Gazette mad and now it rants about railroads, 4 July, water, Hessians, and such—poor fellow—he put himself to all this to get cheap notoriety. Oh dear!

Mr. Kimport, our nominee for Treasurer, is a gentleman of unsullied character. He is one of the most intelligent farmers of Harris township, and possesses all the qualifications requisite for an efficient county treasurer, and is obliging in disposition.

Members of Plymouth Church say that nothing has been done yet in securing a successor to Mr. Beecher. The church is leaning on Providence and waiting patiently for the right man to appear. If the congregation expect to secure a pastor who will satisfy them they indeed have a perfect faith in Providence.

Another curious phenomenon in the shape of a plague of ants, is reported from Nancy. The insects were immense in size, some having wings, but the majority wingless. They fell in such large numbers that the inhabitants thought that they were having a repetition of one of the plagues of Egypt. The thick black flakes kept pouring from the air from 5 until 6 o'clock in the evening, and every district in the city was soon covered with what has been described, for want of a better expression, as "living black hail." It is supposed that the rain of insects was the forerunner of the violent storm which swept over Nancy on the next day.

Pic nics and gatherings for pleasure, have come to be quite a common thing in the last two years, which, seems to us to be an indication of better times. All classes seem to be enjoying themselves and taking part in these appointments. Now, one was led to believe that under a Democratic administration all would be ruin, starvation, and misery. But it seems to be the reverse—we have prosperity, plenty and all are happy. Yes, it is even the reverse of what we had under Republican rule, for 20 years, when we heard of nothing but strikes, labor riots and closing of workshops. The REPORTER would suggest another four years lease, since the present trial has proven so well for the general good.

There is something gigantic in the figures of Napoleon Ives operations. The assignee has justified his report, and it shows that the total amount of liabilities is \$17,666,175 46, of which the tremendous amount of \$9,580,110 35 is unsecured; \$5,402,244 21 is liabilities secured on loan accounts; \$1,673,820 90 is secured creditor's bills payable, and \$1,100,000 is stocks loaned. The total nominal assets are \$25,664,268 37, and the total actual assets only \$11,123,016 74, and that valuation is liable to fade by degrees and grow beautifully less as time wears on. This rather lays over the operations of that other Napoleonic financier now engaged in job printing at Sing Sing, New York.

Mr. Gladstone, in his decline of the invitation to be present at the Constitutional celebration in Philadelphia, took occasion to pay a high compliment to this country, and to thank it for the stand it had taken in regard to home rule for Ireland. The "grand old man" as he is called in England, was only prevented from coming by a regard for his health, which is such that it would be impossible for him to undertake an ocean journey. It can only be said, in reciprocity of the kindly sentiments which Mr. Gladstone expressed for this country, that it is the earnest hope of all Americans that the coming fall elections in England shall again place him at the head of her national affairs.

INGALLS ON TUTTLE.

AN OLD STORY REPEATED BY THE WITTY SENATOR FROM KANSAS.

Washington, Sept. 11.—Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, who is in Washington, was subjected to an interview to-day. The Senator parried all questions relating to public matters, but in reply to an inquiry regarding the popularity of Tuttle, of Iowa, he said:

"Tuttle, Tuttle, Tuttle?" the Senator repeated, trying to recollect. "Oh, yes I know Tuttle very well, at least I used to know him. Tuttle is a tailor—a fashionable tailor. I knew him well in my early days in Boston. The firm was Call & Tuttle. I don't know whether the firm is the same now or whether it has undergone some change. I never inquired about it since I left Boston, but I remember the name very well—Call & Tuttle. I remember also that a countryman who was walking along the street one day stopped and read the sign 'Call & Tuttle,' and entered the shop. The clerk said: 'Well, what can I do for you, sir?' and the countryman explained that he wanted to 'Tuttle.' Seeing the sign outside and accepting the invitation contained in it he had called to Tuttle. Tuttle, he thought, was some new Boston game that every real gentleman ought to play."

STANLEY HEARD FROM AT LAST.

A dispatch from St. Paul de Loando, under date of Sept. 9, states that Major Bartlett, commander of the camp on the Arywimi, had sent advices to Leopoldville that he had received news from Henry M. Stanley, dated July 12.

Stanley was then ten days' march in the interior and was still proceeding up the Arywimi, which he had found navigable above the rapids. He had launched the steel whaleboats and rafts. The members of the expedition were in good health and provisions were easily procured at the large villages. The country showed a gradual rise towards high table lands. A caravan of 480 men followed the expedition on the left bank of the river and an advance guard of forty natives of Zanzibar led. Lieut. Stairs foraged for supplies. Stanley expected to arrive on July 22 at the Mabodi district and to reach Wadiali by the middle of August. The advance had been so peaceably accomplished that Stanley had instructed Bartlett that he would shortly send him orders to follow the expedition by the same route.

The recent attempt made by some French aeronauts to reach a great height above the earth has not been productive of any particular scientific results. The balloon in which the ascent was made reached an altitude of over 20,000 feet without any of the occupants of the car experiencing any ill effects, except a tendency to faintness on the part of one of them. When about twelve years ago a similar attempt was made, and the height of 25,000 feet was reached, it was with fatal results to three out of the four aeronauts. The success of the present experiment is explained by the allegation that the difficulties due to the rarefaction of the atmosphere only begin at an altitude of 23,000 or 24,000 feet. This view seems supported by the fact that in the Himalayas and the Andes heights of about 20,000 feet have been on several occasions reached without any inconvenience. In such cases, however, the ascent has always been gradual. The ill effects experienced in balloons are possibly due to the suddenness of the change.

A KING PEELING POTATOES.

Mad King Otto of Bavaria has added another amusement to his usual pastimes of making cigarettes and reading old illustrated papers. His latest craze is for peeling potatoes, and bushels and bushels of them does he deprive of their jackets every day with such economical skill that the hotel-keepers of Munich have availed themselves of the permission accorded by the King's keepers to send their potatoes to his Majesty to be peeled. In fact had not this outlet for the King's industry been found a very serious item would have been added to State expenditure, so many potatoes does he attend to in the course of a day.

The Confederate General Longstreet introduced General Grant to Miss Julia Dent, who is now General Grant's widow. Longstreet's mother was a Dent. On graduating from the Military Academy Longstreet was assigned to a command, and was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, below St. Louis. While there he visited his relatives, the Dents, on the Gravois road, and when Grant was assigned to the same regiment with Longstreet, the latter accompanied him on his first visit to the Dent place, and presented "the little man with the big epaulettes," as Grant was sometimes called in those days, to his future wife.

Fidler in his craze imagines the REPORTER, the Watchman and the Centre Democrat want to crush him out, when the fellow don't know its bed-bugs that are eating him up.

GREAT STORM IN THE WEST.

THE DAMAGE HEAVIER THAN EVER BEFORE KNOWN IN SOUTHERN ARIZONA.

Tucson, A. T., Sept. 10.—The storms of Thursday and Friday were the most severe ever known in this section. Five miles of the Southern Pacific track, between this point and Benson, was washed away. Two large bridges over the Cienega and Rillita rivers were destroyed. Telegraph wires are down and in some places are imbedded ten feet in the sand. Steel rails are carried a quarter of a mile down the river and are scattered for miles down the stream. Southern Pacific trains are being run over the Atlantic and Pacific Road. Washouts are also reported all along the line from Tucson to Yuma. From parties in from San Pedro and Rillita rivers it is learned that the flood is the worst ever known in Arizona and many old land-marks have been washed away and fields of grain swept over. The Southern Pacific officials say that travel over the road cannot be resumed for a week.

ONE HUNDRED SICK.

An epidemic of bloody dysentery is creating consternation at Candor, Tioga county. Nearly 100 cases have been reported. There were four funerals on Thursday, and the little village of scarcely 1,000 inhabitants is in mourning. It is thought by some that the water in the wells has become contaminated, causing the epidemic. A similar although less fatal epidemic prevailed last year. All who can are leaving the village, the children particularly being removed as rapidly as possible.

The World's Rome correspondent says: From Rome I hear that preparations for the Papal Jubilee are being actively forwarded. Queen Victoria's gift will not take the form, as originally stated, of an edition of the Vulgate, but of a small chamber organ of exquisite workmanship and with beautifully illuminated pipes. To give an idea of what the number of presents sent to the Pope from all parts of the world will be I need only say that the building in which they are to exhibit will be about nine hundred feet long, and is annexed to St. Peter's.

In his speech at the Venango county fair Governor Beaver talked about horses and he said: "What we want is a horse that will try to find out what we want him to do and then try to do it." The people, who want an extra session to rectify the revenue bill fraud, want a Governor who will try to find out what they want him to do and then try to do it. A Governor should be quite as intelligent as a good horse.—Philadelphia Times.

Has the Millinburg Telegraph the sole contract for annihilating Cleveland and the Democracy? If not, please let some of the best of a word, and wait until we get behind a board.

Besides other troubles the Gazette's Fidler is uneasy about the water works—so he says last week. Try Helmbold's Buchu.

50,000 SLAVES TO FIGHT FOR THEIR RACE.

Vienna, Sept. 10.—At an assembly of 50,000 Slaves, held on Gossens Mountain in Moravia, it was resolved to issue an invitation to all Slaves to unite firmly together to fight against the enemy of their race. It was also decided to adopt a common alphabet for all Slaves.

CHOLERA KILLS 31,328 IN ONE MONTH.

London, Sept. 10.—The Austrian Consul at Bombay reports that 31,328 deaths from cholera occurred in Oude during last May. During the past twenty-four hours there were six new cases of cholera, and four deaths from the disease reported in Malta.

BIG FIRE AT LEWISTOWN.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MACHINE SHOPS AND ROUND HOUSE DESTROYED.

Lewistown, Pa., Sept. 11.—The Pennsylvania railroad's new round house, machine shops, five locomotives and six tanks at the junction near this place, were destroyed early this morning by fire supposed to be incendiary. Favorable winds and the application of salt saved Boyd & Stinckens' extensive stock of coal and the shutes. The loss is estimated at \$65,000.

SPRING MILLS.

J. Swann has a lot of men at work on his house.

John Pealer, of Kansas City, is visiting his brother here.

Quite a number of people attended the reunion at Coburn.

Miss Chestie Krape, of Bellefonte, is visiting her brother and parents here before starting for California.

John Stover is home visiting his parents.

Velocipedes are very plenty and dangerous in the vicinity of the railroad station.

Mrs. Metzger, mother of Mrs. Dr. Wilson, died Monday night, at this place, being here several months in Mrs. Wilson's care.

Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula, and general debility cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Purifier."

Fence-rail-nose last week backed out of the bed-bug business.

PEOPLE DEMAND PROTECTION.—PATENT MEDICINES.

What are they? As a general thing they are prescriptions having been used with great success by old and well-versed Physicians. Thousands of invalids have been unexpectedly cured by their use, and they are the wonder and dread of Physicians and Medical Colleges in the U. S., so much so, that Physicians graduating at Medical Colleges are required to discontinue Proprietary Medicines, as through them the country doctor loses his most profitable practice. As a manufacturer of Proprietary Medicines, Dr. G. G. Green, of Woodbury, N. J., advocates most cordially, in order to prevent the risk that the sick and afflicted are liable to, almost daily by the use of Patent Medicines put out by inexperienced persons for aggrandizement only, and the employing of inexperienced and incompetent doctors by which almost every village and town is cursed; and men claiming to be doctors who had better be undertakers, experimenting with their patients and robbing them of their money and health,—for the good of the afflicted that our government protect its people by making laws to regulate the practice of medicine by better experienced and more thoroughly educated Physicians, and thereby keep up the honor and credit of the profession, also form laws for the recording of receipts of Proprietary Medicines, under examination and decision of experienced Chemists and Physicians appointed for that purpose by the Government, before they are licensed for general use. He would most freely place the recipe of Boschee's German Syrup and Green's August Flower under such laws, had he the proper conviction, and thereby save the prejudice of the people, and avoid the competition and imitation of worthless medicines.—Copied from the Chicago Mail, Aug. 3, '87.

LOSS OF SHEEP BY A FLOOD.

Sun Rock, Mont., Sept. 8.—By a water-spout on Careless creek, in Mercer county, 1,200 sheep principally spring lambs, have been drowned. A son of Judge Hedges of the Helena Herald was at Home ranch, some miles below, where the sheep were, and hearing the roar of the coming flood he tried to reach his horse that was picketed in the creek bottom, but before he could rescue his horse the flood was upon him, and swept the animal away before his eyes. His other stock of horses and cows all escaped, but considerable fencing was swept away. At lowest estimate the loss will reach \$5,000 or \$400, and sets them back a full year.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

Four copies of the REPORTER, for the Campaign, for 50 cents. Any one sending us 50 cents with four names, will get an extra copy free for the campaign.

Riddleberger, the Virginia sensation, is noted for queer pranks. He is temperate in his habits. The agricultural society for his county let out the privilege of keeping at its fair to the highest bidder. It was given to Riddleberger for \$100, and he went and had the bar locked up, and no liquor was sold at that fair. Here is a feat that some prohibitionists might imitate, for the good of the cause.

LINDEN HALL.

There were fifty tickets sold at this place for the Reunion at Coburn.

J. W. Keller and wife, D. Hess and wife, and Miss Cora Durell are representing this place at State Fair. The Duds wish them an enjoyable trip.

Orin Dale has charge of the railroad station in Kellers absence. Judging from what we saw the other night, the probabilities are that he will call frequently.

Mrs. Harry Swab and Mrs. George Swab are on the sick list; the former with typhoid fever, and the latter with general debility.

COBURN.

There are quite a number going to Philadelphia this week, to attend the fair, and quite a number took the train to attend the Grangers picnic.

Our boys have been successful these few nights catching eels. Wal Searis and Fryer taking the lead, but they have the advantage of the boys.

At present there is quite a boom in the potato business. Five car loads were shipped last week, and there will be several more shipped this week.

—Now for the Lewisburg Fair, next week, Friday Sept. 23, will be a Centre Co day and a great turn out is expected. Excursion rates on all trains, round trip fares, Bellefonte, \$2.63, Oak Hill, \$2.25, Centre Hall \$1.90, Coburn, \$1.40, Rising Springs, \$1.67, Lemont, \$2.27. Friday a special train will leave fair grounds at 5:45 p. m., running as far as Rising Springs. On Saturday the afternoon train will be held at the fair grounds till 2:10 p. m., so all can see the great trot, and still return to Bellefonte. Sober shoots on Friday. Trotting on Centre county day for \$375, in purses. On Saturday for \$475. They promise a great display and these rates and train accommodations should secure them a big turn out from old Centre.

MARRIED.

Sept 14 at Centre Hall Pa H A Stover of Farmers Mills and Amanda D Grove of near Spring Mills Pa.

JOB WORK.

Having added to our stock of material we are ready to do poster work, at low rates; Sale bills, large 1 sheet \$1.25, and 1 sheet, \$1.00. All poster work in same proportion. Envelopes at \$1.75 per 1000. Bill heads and statements \$1.75 per 1000. Cash to accompany order.

THE COAL MINERS' STRIKE.

A Long and Costly Struggle Probable. Middle District Men Organized.

HAZLETON, Pa., Sept. 12.—The men of the Middle coal field are as ripe for strike as men can be. The men in both the valleys are treated with princely consideration and liberality compared with the treatment of these men. But they are now very thoroughly organized—much more so than the miners elsewhere—and they are anxious to measure strength with the masters and know once for all whether the organizations are capable of making good their promises. It is worth the trial, they say, and they argue that now in as good a time as any, for there is none too much coal above ground and the prospect of high prices and a strong demand is excellent—certainly, a fact. The mines outside of the Lehigh and Shamokin regions, which contain most of the strikers of to-day, are easily able to supply the market, and the strikers hope to be able to pinch these individual operators, who naturally do not desire to have their orders go elsewhere. Anyhow, say the strikers, they can't be much worse off than they have been of late years, no matter how long the strike lasts. Great interest is centered upon the question whether the operators will try to work with "pauper labor." Violence is frowned upon by the knights of labor, but the miners are in a desperate mood and official frowns may not prove all-powerful should the "scabs" be put to work. That they will, however, in many collieries is quite certain. If the men can be found, it being his belief that aggression is half the battle. He is credited with having invented the weapon of bringing labor from Castle Garden. There was a knight of labor parade on Labor day at Drifton, as there was pretty much everywhere. The Coxes were in it—the very men, of course, who were booked for strike since the night the Susquehanna Valley and dumped them down on the outskirts of Hazleton. They had their belongings with them and were in charge of a padrone. They looked as if they might have stepped from Castle Garden yesterday. The padrone procured a wagon and carried them off to Holly wood, one of the mines owned by C. F. Pardee & Co. They will be put to work to-day, the boss said, probably in the big stripping, they being to ignorant and stupid to be permitted below ground.

This is hanging out the flag of war on the part of the operators. Other carloads may be expected.

POWDERLY'S NEXT MESSAGE.

HE WILL ADVOCATE GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP OF RAILROADS AND TELEGRAPH LINES.

SCRANTON, Pa., Sept. 9.—General Master Workman Powderly, in an interview, said his next annual message will advocate government ownership of telegraph and railroad lines, and the establishment of a postal savings bank. Bills will be prepared by him to carry these suggestions into effect, and they will be submitted to the general assembly for its approval. Should the assembly approve these measures, they will be introduced in congress and backed by the full strength of the knights of labor.

He added that there was a misunderstanding about his rumored resignation at the next general assembly. He said it probably arose from a statement which he made in Omaha and Boston some time ago, that he was now serving his last term as chief of the organization.

As he was elected for two years at Richmond, he has yet a year to serve, but he says he is ready at any time to make way for his successor should the order see fit to elect one.

MINERS OFFERED SEVEN PER CENT. INCREASE.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 10.—It has been ascertained upon the authority of Superintendent Veith of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company, that at the conference the miners' committee asked that the \$2.50 basis be raised 8 per cent, as the minimum for future scaling of wages. The company's officials declined to accede to this, but offered an advance of 7 per cent, in wages computed upon the \$2.50 basis, this advance to continue in force only until Jan. 1, 1888. The reason assigned for declining to make longer agreement was the anticipation that the company would pass out of the hands of the receivers about the time indicated. The 7 per cent. offer was not determinately accepted, but is held under consideration pending the further conference to be held on the 14th inst.

SHARP'S CONDITION CAUSES ALARMS.

New York, Sept. 12.—Jacob Sharp had a very uncomfortable time yesterday. At about one hour in the morning he was attacked with chills and pains about the heart. His wife began to feel very anxious about him. Suddenly the pains left him and he fell into a light sleep and only awakened when Dr. Loomis called at 12 o'clock. The physician gave him a sedative and he rested easily until evening, when the pains and chills came on again, and Dr. Loomis was again summoned. When the latter arrived he ordered heated bottles to be placed to the patient's feet and left word that he be sent for if the old man's condition became worse.

MISS SARAH DODGE FREE.

MORRIS, Ill., Sept. 11.—The grand jury concluded its labors yesterday. No indictment was returned in the case of Miss Sarah Dodge the alleged slayer of Colonel Hancock. While there was a general belief that Miss Dodge did the killing, it was thought there was not sufficient and conclusive testimony to make a case when the matter would come up for trial.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Michigan has the largest peach crop for years.

The Boston fruit and flower exhibition will be held this week.

A preliminary organization of the new American party has been made in Pittsburgh.

Jefferson Davis has written a letter favoring local option in granting liquor licenses.

Wm. G. Audenore, the wealthy Philadelphia coal operator, has been stricken with apoplexy.

Sarah Bernhardt has lost her voice by contracting a hard cold, and it is feared the injury is permanent.

Berben's party of filibusters have arrived safely in Cuba. They were joined by 400 men near Cardenas.

The British bark Manhegan, from Hong Kong for New York, has been wrecked at the cape of Good Hope.

A cook employed by the Panama canal company has sold his wife to a merchant on the isthmus for \$150.

A jury has been obtained in the case of Fred McElrath, Jr., on trial at Sioux City for complicity in the Haddock murder.

A league of personal liberty is being organized in the western states to counteract the rapid spread of prohibition sentiment.

The will of the late George E. Downes of Canton, Mass., provides for bequests of various charities and public institutions of \$75,000.

A large number of officials and merchants have been arrested at Vienna for connection with extensive frauds on the custom house.

Charles A. Collins, a wealthy young man of Sioux City, Iowa, who was bitten by a rabid dog, has been cured in Kansas City by a madstone.

The republicans of the fourth judicial district of New York have nominated J. S. Landon and John R. Putnam for judges of the supreme court.

The milk producers' union of the northwest propose to form a "milk trust," with a capital of \$1,000,000, to monopolize the milk business of Chicago.

Elliott F. Shepard is quoted as saying at St. Paul that Chauncey M. Depew is the only republican who could carry the state of New York for the presidency.

The new torpedo boat which has been built in England for the Spanish government showed a speed of thirty-two and a quarter miles per hour on her trial trip.

Jacob Albicea a well-to-do citizen of Omaha, Neb., shot his wife, and then killed himself, because he was jealous of his brother-in-law. Mrs. Albicea may recover.

Secretary Whitney says Admiral Luce will undoubtedly be returned to command of the North Atlantic squadron although the matter has not yet been officially considered.

A Burlington and Missouri river freight train ran into a St. Joseph and Grand Island passenger train, near Hastings, Neb., killing John Swedberg and seriously injuring several others.

Dr. W. B. Fletcher, superintendent of the Indiana insane asylum, has been deposed. He claims that he incurred the enmity of the trustees by making damaging disclosures during the legislative investigation last winter.

The Women's Christian Temperance union of the state of New York has charge of the food and beverages sold on the state fair grounds at Rochester. No liquor is sold, and the fakirs, gamblers and swindlers are rigidly excluded.

An American lady has presented to Prince Bismarck a pipe of peace which has been in the possession of a certain Indian chief's family from time immemorial. The present was made as a token of the prince's services in preserving peace in Europe.

Don Carlos is expected in England via California and New York. Whether he last heard from he was in Chili. It is asserted that he intends publishing a manifesto recognizing the child king, Alfonso XIII., and his mother, Queen Christina, as regent of Spain.

While ascending a flight of stairs in the hotel at Hurricane, Putnam county, W. Va., the Rev. Wm. Tully slipped and fell, and was fatally shot by the discharging of a pistol which he had in his left coat pocket. The bullet entered his body near the heart, and he died within a few minutes.

Henry Vonpuhl, a wealthy octogenarian of Cincinnati, was married a few years ago to a Kentucky beauty of 30 summers. Trouble arose on the wedding trip because Vonpuhl would not transfer his property to his bride. They soon separated, and now he has applied for a divorce.

Lizzie Abbott, aged 11 years, committed suicide at New Smyrna, Fla. Her mother, returning after a brief absence, found the child dying. She admitted having taken strychnine and said: "I am tired of living. I want to go to papa." There is no cause known for the act other than a morbid mind.

The family of Horace Scales of Lee, N. H., recently removed to Cambridge, Mass., to reside. They took with them a cat which soon disappeared. The cat was found at the old homestead last Tuesday. How it got back from Cambridge is puzzling the former neighbors of Mr. Scales as the animal must have traveled about fifty miles without a guide.

Mrs. Froell, of Buffalo, who was struck with an axe by her husband, is all right. Her skull was fractured, but the operation of trepanning was performed, and there is a prospect of her recovery. Froell showed great surprise when he learned that his wife was still living, and refused to credit it. He has lost his inclination to meet his death by hanging. He owns property worth \$25,000.

Detectives of the Baltimore and Ohio captured Friday in the old John Brown fort, at Harper's ferry, John Wallace, Charles Brooks and Al. Taylor, three notorious Washington thieves who have for several months past been robbing freight and express trains on the Baltimore and Ohio road. The thieves used the old fort as headquarters, storing therein their plunder and sleeping there at times.

Four years ago the 5-year old son of G. Putnam, of Stony Ford, Tioga county, Pa., was bitten on the foot by a rattlesnake while driving cows to pasture. The little fellow narrowly escaped death, his life being saved only by extraordinary efforts. Upon each anniversary of the bite the boy suffers a recurrence of the symptoms of the poison, his leg swelling to an enormous size, accompanied by intense pains. A similar case occurred thirty years ago in Livingston county, N. Y., where a girl suffered from a snake bite for many years, and finally died on the twenty-fifth attack.

McGrigle Escapes From Cannals.

MONTREAL, Sept. 10.—The detectives who have gone to Ontario to bring McGrigle, the Chicago hoodlum, to Montreal to stand his trial before the court of queen's bench on a charge of conspiracy are not likely to be successful, if a letter that was received in the city proves to be genuine. It purports to be signed by McGrigle, and says that he is on his way to Switzerland. The letter is dated Paris, Sept. 2.

Poor Papa.

Who slaves all day with main and might
And comes home weary, worn and white,
To walk a squalling babe all night?
Poor Papa.

Who has to hear a tired wife
Recount the petty woes and strife
That constitute a woman's life?
Poor Papa.

Who has to go without new clothes
Too keep his toes in shoes and hose
And dress his daughters having beaux?
Poor Papa.

Who's tortured by the endless noise
Of half a dozen romping boys
That all his peace at home destroys?
Poor Papa.

Who's told the coal and fogs are out;
Who wishes he was, too, no doubt,
And, when he tries, is put to rout?
Poor Papa.

Who groans when bills come in to pay
For some thing needed every day,
Who can not lay a cent away?
Poor Papa.

Who thinks he was a fool to wed,
And who, if his dear wife was dead,
Would get another quick instead?
Poor Papa.

Who, if he hadn't married, would
Be minus home and health so good
And end his life in solitude?
Poor Papa.

Who, when he's here, when he gets old,
Protects arms of love to fold
Around him—worth far more than gold?
Rich Papa.

MONSIEUR LE CURE.

I met the Cure one evening as I was returning home from the wood, where I had been sketching. The fine old man was standing on the doorstep of his presbytery, looking toward the sea, which at that moment was glorious beneath the setting sun. I bowed to him as I passed, for his presence had always inspired me with sympathy and respect, and I know how much this tribute from a foreigner would gratify a member of that class, which the Republican Government is bringing into disrespect by constant persecutions.

He returned my salute with such kindly courtesy that I took the opportunity, which I had long desired, of speaking to him.

"A lovely sight, Monsieur le Cure," I said, pointing to the sea.

"It is, indeed, monsieur," he answered, without looking round.

After awhile he added: "It is such sights that reconcile one to this earth. And yet, I do not know; one has always the bitter certainty that very soon the night will come, and all will be dark."

"And, an attendant," I said, trying to laugh away his evident melancholy, "if I do not get home soon the night and her darkness will come most certainly; and it's a breakneck path to my house."

"But, monsieur," said the cure, "there is no hurry. I heard from the village people that monsieur had expressed the desire to visit our church. There is, indeed, little to see, but if—" "I should be most delighted," I answered.

"I will get the key," said he, leading me into his simple parlor, and bidding me sit down whilst he went upstairs to fetch it.

The room was one of the poorest in point of decoration and furniture that I had seen in any house in the village; and yet there was one object which by its great beauty compensated for all the unloveliness of the rest. It was the picture of a young woman, painted in oils, and signed by a painter who about thirty years ago had been at the summit of his art. The girl represented was most lovely, and it seemed to me that her face was one which had been the model of many other artists as famous as the one who had painted this portrait. A royally feminine face, and her clothing with that expression of simplicity, blushing and afraid, which in some women is so sweet and so strongly appeals to all that is noblest and most manly in man.

This was my first impression; but, as I looked at it longer, the timidity, from being subjective merely, seemed to grow objective. It was not a timid girl, it was a girl afraid. Her eyes seemed to look with horror—for, on still closer observation, the fear grew into horror—on something that was not represented in the picture. How could it be, seeing that those fear-filled eyes were looking out of the plan, straight over my head, who stood facing her, at the wall behind me? The picture was by far too fine a work of art for one to suppose that any attempt had been made to enhance its interest by an extraordinary and theatrical mise-en-scene, and I felt it would be an insult to the great painter to turn round and see if anything was visible to explain the expression of those eyes. Moreover, it was the expression that held me, not the reason thereof. I am not of those who seek in every picture an illustration.

I had stood before it some time, sadly envious of the technique of the departed hand, and wondering what angel-hand—the angel Raphael's, perhaps—had guided the painter's fingers when he had mixed that color of sun-kissed Auburn that sung—and colors sing—from those clustering curls of hair, when the Cure came back into the room. I turned as I heard his step, and as I did so my eyes fell on the wall on which my back had been turned. Directly opposite the picture, and in the point of vision of its eyes, hung a rapier. As I looked closer I saw that the point of this sword was black—of that ill-omened black that blood, long since shed, does take. I almost felt angry. Blood-stained rapier, or chromolithograph of some hobgoblin, ghoul or specter, it annoyed me to think that any one should have ventured, with the most vulgar taste of melodramatic effect, to complete what was already so sublimely and perfectly complete. It was the act of a bourgeois of the bourgeois, uneasy and disturbed if the Sevres china statue of a Watteau shepherdess on this side of his Louis XV. timepiece has not on the yon side of it, fronting her, as pendant, a languishing Corydon.

My annoyance was so real that I paid but little attention to all that the Cure, who had now greatly sunk in my esteem, showed me and told me. I

vaguely remember that he led me through a churchyard, where, by the grave of his predecessor, he pointed out the plot of ground where he was to rest himself; that he told me that the church was many hundred years old, and had been, dans le temps, the lodge of a company of Knights Templar, whose bodies lay shrouded in stone sepulchers in a remote part of the cemetery. The church was very uninteresting to me in my preoccupation. There were some fine Louis XI. candlesticks in massive copper on one of the altars. The Cure had bought them from a dealer in old metals, to whom an ignorant colleague had sold them at the rate of ninepence per pound.

"Then you have some taste," I thought. "But that only makes it more inexcusable."

I was examining these candlesticks when a peasant girl came up to us, and with many clumsy courtesies told M. le Cure that his supper had been served. She had a motherly tone with the old man, this girl of fifteen, and would not hear of his showing me the vestry.

"That will be for another day," she said. "The important thing now is that M. le Cure should not let that beautiful trout get cold. One has opened a bottle of Chablis to drink with it, and there will be an omelette aux fines herbes and some peaches in the second service."

"She seems a very intelligent child," I said, as I accompanied the Cure to his door. "Is she your servant?"

"O, no," he answered, with a smile. "That would not be allowed. My servant is ill in bed, and this girl is taking her place. But no, monsieur, I can not let you go now. You must come in and share my supper. Jeannette, lay another cover."

"I did that in advance," answered the girl. "When M. le Cure has visitors—"

"He insists on their becoming his guests. You are right, and monsieur sees it."

The trout, perfectly cooked, was firm and sweet; the Chablis, cool and fragrant, with a faint scent of violets, gleamed like livid gold in my glass; the table was exquisitely laid; the silver, the plate of peaches, the yellow rose laid on the white cloth, were very beautiful to the eye; the Cure, with his melodious voice full of caressing notes, charmed my ear, as his anecdotes and wit delighted my mind. But all these delights were powerless to distract my attention from the annoyance I had experienced. My calm was marred. I barely listened to my host, yet gave him enough attention to regret my preoccupation. At another time his conversation would have charmed me, who for now many months had heard only the sordid bargainings of the Norman peasants in their drawing and inharmomious patois. He had been speaking about the Oxford revival, and had quoted the Pope's remarks on the Puseyites, that like bell-ringers they invited the world to come into Holy Church, but themselves did not enter it, when, unable to contain myself any longer, I rudely interrupted him, saying: "But why vulgarize her glorious passion? Why make her sublime fear palsy and ridicule? One annoys the timidity of children with blood-stained rapiers, skulls, or chromes of 'Fox's Martyrs.' They can not explain her terror. They only insult her."

The Cure smiled, and seemed at once to understand what it was I was referring to.

"You are right, monsieur," he said, "it is in bad taste. But it is Bette's fault, not mine."

"Bette," he continued, "is my old servant, the one who is lying ill upstairs. She has been most faithful and devoted to me ever since she came to this place, now twenty years ago. I used to keep that rapier in my bedroom, but it was not long before she found it out, and then she insisted on hanging it where you saw it. The arrangement has always rather spoiled my pleasure in the picture, and my reason is the same as yours; but I could not find it in my heart to thwart the good old woman's wish. She would have it thus, and would take no contradiction on this point."

"I suppose," I rejoined, "the good woman was vexed at the sight of the girl frightened at nothing. The blood-stained sword would explain this fear and make the tableau complete. It is natural in a peasant woman. But I should have been better pleased with Bette if she had completed it in another way. For instance, if she had hung opposite those terrible eyes a picture of Delacroix or another classic. That would have explained, and charmingly, the horror of a creation of M. le Cure."

"You are severe on Delacroix," laughed the Cure. "In my time he was to us what Meissonier is to you to-day."

"May I ask, monsieur," I said, "if there is any connection between the picture and the weapon?"

"A terrible one," said the Cure. His tone was so sad and there was such a sorrowful expression on his face as he answered me that I regretted my indiscretion and apologized to him for it.

"It is strange," he continued, after a pause, "that you should ask me this to-day, for all this day my thoughts have been going back to the most terrible scene of my life. Nay, do not ask my pardon. I am glad to speak to you of it. Silence does not kill a sorrow; it nurses it—I know it. For thirty years I have never opened my mouth, and the wound in my heart has deepened all the more. Never, never be reserved in the troubles of your life. Rather cry them out aloud on the house-tops. Does not a cry relieve a bodily suffering? Then why should not the same relief be afforded in the same way to the tortured conscience? Ask for sympathy—human sympathy, and whether you get it or not, the mere asking will comfort you. I will tell you about that rapier and that picture. My heart has been very full to-day."

Then, bending over the table to me, he said:

"That picture is the portrait of the only woman I have ever loved, and that rapier is the sword with which I killed my dearest friend. The blood on its point is the blood of the only heart of man that ever beat in love and sympathy with mine."

"Ah," he continued, "you look surprised. One does not suppose any romance can be shrouded beneath the sordid of a village cure; and, perhaps, to look at me, I appear the very last man kind in my life. Yet, I am told, they made a very good play of it at one of the boulevard theaters in Paris. The world had the comedy, the tragedy was for me. It was just, quite just. My story? O, a common one. He was my friend, and she, the lovely woman, was his wife. We had both paid court to her, but he had won her. He was richer than I, and in France, you know, that is the first consideration of parents in giving their daughter. Well, though I loved her with all my heart, when she became his wife I was loyal to her as to him, as a gentleman and his friend."

Of course I sought her society—it was natural, was it not, that I should do so? Ill-aided, O, ill-aided—nobody sees that better than I do now. But I swear, if I swear I might, that my loyalty to him and to her never, even in thought, wavered an instant. The world, the wicked world, thought otherwise; and wicked tongues went wagging. He was my best friend, and I loved him like a brother—and all the more dearly that he was her husband. Yet how could I act otherwise than I did when one day, urged on by these wicked tongues, he rushed up to me on the boulevard and struck me in the face, calling me liar, traitor, coward."

In the eyes of Paris, and I was hot-blooded in those days. It was a provocation, a challenge, which I was forced, as I thought then, to accept. We fought next morning in the Bois des Vincennes. It was an accident—yes, that thrust of mine was an accident—I shall always say so. He ran upon my point. I could not help myself. But O, the horror of that moment! The artist who painted that portrait was one of those who took my Paul home. He told me that she looked thus when she saw him as I made him. As for me, I went for many months a crazed man. I think it was my great uncle, the Bishop of T—, who first suggested to me that, if any atonement for my crime there could be, it would be in the devotion and service of a lifetime. I took his advice, for I was weary of the world, passed through the ordeal of the novitiate, and was ordained. My uncle gave me this presbytery, and here I have lived and worked for thirty years, humbly, obscurely, and penitently. I have not atoned—no, no, I have not atoned; but I sometimes think that Paul knows all now, and—perhaps, has forgiven me. I never saw her again. I never heard of her. Is she dead? Did she marry again? Did she, as some say she intended to do, retire to a convent? I do not know. I have never ceased to love her, as I did then, loyally and devoutly; not as the woman I had wanted to marry, but as the wife of my friend, as my dear Paul's wife."

I said nothing. I felt sorry now to have called forth this confession. The quiet despair of this old man, as he told me the mystery of his ruined life was a poignant sorrow to the eye and to the ear. When he had finished speaking he sat with his hand covering his eyes. I fancy there were tears in them. We were sitting thus in silence in the darkening room when the little maid came running in.

"Monsieur le Cure, Monsieur le Cure!" she cried, "come quickly! Old Bette is dying. She calls for you."

"O! do not say that," cried the Cure, starting to his feet. "Do not say that. My old Bette! My faithful old servant! No, it can not be that after twenty years of loyal service and sacrifice I am to lose her now."

"It is very certain, mon pere," said the trembling girl, "that old Bette is dying. She says so herself, and I can see that she is right, for she looks just like the mere Manon did before she died. And she begs Monsieur le Cure to come to her without delay."

"I come, I come!" cried the old man in tones of the deepest anguish. "But a doctor, Jeannette, the doctor! Run for him. O that is useless, of course. He lives ten miles away. What shall we do? What will become of us?"

"I have studied medicine," I said. "I may be able to be of some assistance. If Monsieur le Cure will permit, I—"

"Come, come!" he cried, clutching me by the arm. "It is the blessing of Providence. Is there any thing you want? It is disease of the heart. No—then come. But first, Jeannette, run upstairs and see whether monsieur can enter."

The girl had turned to obey when through the silence of the house there rung the awful notes of a dying woman's voice.

"Raoul, Raoul! where are you? Je me meurs, mon ami!"

It was the voice of a high-born lady. For what reason I know not I turned toward the picture. It seemed the cry that should come from those lips. The Cure had started like a man who is suddenly stabbed.

"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu!" he cried. "Whose voice is that?"

And with this cry he turned toward the picture.

"Raoul, Raoul! You must come quickly! It will be too late."

"It is old Bette that is calling you, M. le Cure," said Jeannette, pointing to the room above. "It is her voice, is it not?"

"Bette's?" stammered the Cure, "the old peasant woman's? No, no, no! It was Mireille's. But—"

"Meanwhile, Monsieur," said Jeannette, "the old woman dies."

"I go," said the Cure. I did not follow him; I had some feeling that there would be something solemn—something sacred was to be revealed in this last interview between the old Cure and his dying servant. I knew that, great as may be the devotion and self-sacrifice of the man, the self-sacrifice and the devotion of the woman that loves him, or has loved him, can be immeasurably greater, and I believed that the Cure would find out that his lifelong penance had had even on this earth its passing great reward, and that the love of the woman he had worshiped in his youth had been with him and around him, silent, watchful, all these years.

"It would have been a splendid devotion," I said to myself as I made my way home, "and one possible only in a

woman, to humble herself as he had humbled himself—yet lower, to leave the boudoir of the woman of the world for the kitchen of a village presbytery—to put off the elegant toilet and to put on the peasant's gown, aye, and more than all this, to live by his side, unknown to him, respecting his loyalty to the dead—it was sublime."

A year later I visited P— again. They told me that the old Cure had died about two months ago. I saw his grave in the churchyard, but it was not in the spot he had laughingly pointed out to me when he had shown me the church. I found it hidden away in a corner, from which a splendid view of the sea could be obtained. There was another grave by its side, adorned with a simple white cross, on which was written the one word, "Mireille." I had fashioned forth no untrue romance.

UMBRELLA HISTORY.

The First Englishman Who Carried One of These Useful Protectors.

In Queen Anne's time it is mentioned both by Swift and Gay as employed by women, but up to the middle of the eighteenth century it appears never to have been used in England by men, though Wolfe, the future conqueror of Quebec, wrote from Paris in 1752 describing it as in general use in that city, and wondering that so convenient a practice had not yet penetrated to England.

Handy, the famous traveler and philanthropist, who returned to England in 1750, is said to have been the first Englishman who carried an umbrella; and a Scotch footman named John McDonald, who had traveled with his master in France and Spain, mentions in his curious autobiography that he brought one to London in 1778 and persisted in carrying it in wet weather, though a jeering crowd followed him, crying: "Frenchman, why don't you get a coach?" In about three months, he says, the annoyance almost ceased, and gradually a few foreigners and then some Englishmen followed his example. Defoe had described an umbrella as one of the contrivances of Robinson Crusoe, and umbrellas were in consequence at one time called Robinsons. They were long looked on as a sign of extreme effeminacy, and they multiplied very slowly. Dr. Jamieson, in 1782, is said to have been the first person who used one at Glasgow, and Southey's mother, who was born in 1752, was accustomed to say that she remembered the time when any one would have been hoisted with a cart-horse to be lent out to customers, or in a private house to be taken out with the carriage and held over the heads of ladies as they got in or out; but for many years those who used umbrellas in the streets were exposed to the insults of the mob, and to the persistent and very natural animosity of the hackney-coachmen, who bespattered them with mud and lashed them furiously with their whips. But the manifold convenience of the new fashion secured its ultimate triumph, and before the close of the century umbrellas had passed into general use.

In a Tuscan Villa.

To be welcomed in a villa overlooking Florence by refined hosts of one's own race, the "true heirs of all the ages," or, as Macaulay said with just pride, "the hereditary aristocracy of mankind," instead of having to abide in the city itself, in an uncongenial hotel, does not fall to everybody's lot, nor to the lot of anyone always. But when it does, then Florence is visited in the way it should be visited, if you are thoroughly to appreciate it and to extract from it all the delights it has to offer. Of course, your entertainers, though English, and having English traditions, must not be insular Britons or wish to transplant the arrangements of an English country-house into a villa of a Tuscan hillside. Something of the comeliness and even of the comfort of English ways are never out of place. But an Italian garden is not an English garden, and there should be no attempt to make one resemble the other. I remember more than twenty years ago, seeing in the garden of my English neighbor near Florence a reproduction in May of the English budding out system in its worst and most aggravated form as it reaches its maturity with us in August. The result was dazzling, but lamentable. It is better, too, to take Italian servants more or less as you find them, whether in the garden, the stable, or the household. You will never get them to work "to the pin of the collar," and in attempting to do so you will only deprive them of their natural virtues, which are many and useful. In England we keep the machinery of service as much as possible out of sight. In Italy you must be content to see it at work, and sometimes, according to English ideas, a little inefficiently at work. In England, everything is more or less finikin, and there is a constant attention to detail. In Italy things are large and broad and done in the manner of a scene painter who knows his business. The sky is bigger, the atmosphere is more spacious, you are not cabined, cribbed, confined. Ease, liberty, and absence of solicitude attend villa life in Tuscany, and when these are accepted and enjoyed by English men and women who know what is best in Italy, as well as what is best in England, then, I think one sees life to the greatest advantage for there is the just combination of refinement with freedom.

The new checked and striped wools are charming for tailor-made gowns, and so light are these fabrics in weight that even in the hottest weather they could be no more oppressive than veiling or albatross. Indeed, summer tweeds, as they are called, are less weighty than many of the gingham and tufted cottons. Delicate women and children should wear all-wool goods in preference to cotton, and if the material be all wool and ever so light colored it can be cleaned once and again and appear as fresh and new as the dearest of cotton gowns before washing.

FASHION NOTES.

It is said that there is to be a decided revival of the old-fashioned iron adenine made up in the old way over silk or satin. Certain it is that there have been far prettier dresses than were formerly made from these materials.

Many of the stylish traveling suits of English summer tweed in fine shepherd's checks or stripes, made in severe tailor fashion, have en suite the natty Princess of Wales caps of the same fabric, the graceful visor in front, which shades the eyes, being entirely covered with the tweed. There are also London-made ulsters fitting like a glove at the back, these formed of rough-surfaced, zephyr-weight homespun, and designed for long journeys by rail or steamer.

The autumn races are the occasion of new and beautiful toilets. Among others have been noticed the following: First, skirt of black and old gold striped silk, covered with a new fabric composed of stripes of black gauze and of black lace. This skirt slightly draped and looped up with ornaments of jet and gold passementerie. Jacket of black vigogne, with jet and gold passementerie ornaments over the back and front. Louis XV hat of black straw, turned up with black velvet and trimmed with a cluster of buttercups and a black algrette.

Plaids would be perfectly insufferable in the making up of dresses if couturiers had not the skill and good taste to soften their too gaudy aspect by combination with self-colored materials.

The first rules to be observed is that plaids, when large and strikingly defined, should never be used for a bodice. The beauty of the figure has nothing to gain by it. All horizontal lines tend to make it look shorter and stouter. Besides which, it is always difficult to join the pattern at the seams so as to make it look perfect.

Black surah silks are steadily popular and rank among the staple goods. They are particularly useful, and are among the most satisfactory of dress fabrics. Indeed, with the introduction of surahs has come new possibilities in the resources of the average American woman. Surah answers for ordinary wear and for fine use, according to the quality. It is suitable alike for the tiny child, the old lady and the matron. It is a facing, lining or outside, the circumstances of the case or the means of the purchaser dictate.

There are many kinds of sleeves in wear this season. The full bishop style, gathered into a velvet cuff, is growing in favor daily. The puffed sleeve appears upon many of the dainty summer gowns with insertions of lace between. A new leg-o'-mutton model has appeared, with head or silk embroidery at the top and around the wrists. The real Italian sleeve is much used with artistic evening dress, and also upon children's picturesque gowns.

Summer wraps, the more elaborate and fancy in their style and composition the better, are the order of the day for dressy afternoon and evening wear. In many instances the fronts of these mantles are of silk net, first laid in folds at the shoulders, in surplice style, these crossing each other just above the belt. The sleeve portion is frequently made of rich flouncing lace of a width which will allow it to reach nearly the elbow. When made of black lace and the narrow back piece is very often of beaded net, with epaulets of the same on the shoulders, and ornaments of the jet on the front where the folds cross each other.

It is yet too early to make much interest in the new fashions of making up the common fabrics. Skirts are to be longer, barely clearing the ground; there are indications of a revival of narrow platings. Draperies on some of the new models are much shorter, while upon others they are very long, reaching quite to the bottom of the lower skirt. Sleeves are in a transitory state, as many ladies will not adopt the full sleeve, and others quite prefer it; there is every indication that both styles will be in favor, as the American woman will have what is most becoming to her, and the majority of women like plain sleeves for that reason. Nearly all ladies with shapely arms prefer the close sleeve. The full sleeve is more desirable for ladies who are less favored by nature in that particular.

Black goods are to be more popular than for several seasons past. Among the favorite fabrics in wool are the Priestly Henrietta cloths, which can be confidently recommended as the best wearing fabrics in the market. They hold their color perfectly, are delightfully smooth, drape in the most graceful fashion, and are indeed every way worthy of the patronage of the most fastidious people. It is said that there is to be a most decided "boom" in black faille Francaise. Gros-grain silks are not at all popular in spite of the untiring efforts of certain branches of the trade to revive former interests in them. They will pull on the warp, and American women have become too well posted on good silks and too thoroughly converted to the merits of the faille Francaise weave to desire any repetition of the old trouble of drawing in the seams and fraying at the edges.

In the display of new tailor gowns it is noted that great use is made of soft, silky India cashmere, combined with moire of a deeper and seldom of a contrasting shade. Also of the very flexible London diagonals, camel-hair serges with threads of brilliant color intermingled, and of bourreletes, armures, fancy Belgravia and Lincolnshire suitings in green and gold, blue, brown and silver; olive, pale blue and Roman red; bronze, nasturtium yellow and black; terra-cotta, golden brown and beige, etc. Many of the costumes are combined with velvet. Others have the new stripes with a mixture of the goods in monochrome. Some of the new stripes are plain, others richly shaded, and still others quadrilles. All are exceptionally attractive, and tailor fabrics as a whole will lend great variety and brilliancy to the autumn season's costuming.

HORSE NOTES.

—Harry Blaylock does not ride for Corrigan any more.

—The Hartford track was not a fast one at the late meeting.

—David L., the smallest trotter on the turf, now has a record of 2.19.

—The price paid for Warrington, recently purchased by Morris & Harwood, was \$2000.

—Dwyer Brothers have given the name of Overton to the yearling brother of Eole.

—The Bard is reported as slowly improving, but it is doubtful whether he will ever be the same horse that he was.

—The horses belonging to Mr. Haggin are quartered at Sheephead Bay in the old Fairfax Stable, which Mr. Haggin now owns.

—In the big race at Hartford Fuller drove Patron; Crit Davis Prince Wilkes, Budd Doble Loretta F. and Frank Vanness Astral.

—H. B. Sire has purchased of Louis Snell the brown gelding Harry Mills (2.25), by Sweepstakes, dam by Eureka, to use on the road.

—Jesse Yerance has sold to Robert McMillan, of Milburn Stock Farm, Mercer county, Pa., the bay gelding Governor Hill, record 2.26, for \$5000.

—If Fuller with Patron had "shut out" the other horses as he had aimed to do he would have received all of the purse (\$10,000) at Hartford. But he didn't.

A Newburger has sold to John Madden, of Bethlehem, Pa., the bay gelding Willett (2.27), by Sweepstakes, dam Sallie Downs, by Edward Everett, for \$2500.

—W. L. Simmons, of Lexington, Ky., has sold to J. W. Bethel, of Danville, Va., the b. c. Charley Friar, by William L., dam Mother Lumps, by Pearsall, for \$2500.

—E. DeCerne, of New York, has sold his 5-year-old colt Victor W., by Black Diamond, dam by Seely's American Star, to Dr. W. C. Otterson, of Brooklyn, for \$1000.

—The 2-year-old colt Repetition, that trotted at the Utica meeting, was bred by B. J. Tracy at Ashland Park, Ky., and was sold to Pratt & Loughlin, of Utica N. Y., for \$4000.

—Many of those who attended the Albany Trotting meeting highly complimented Wood Martin for his good judgment and prompt action while officiating in the judges' stand.

—Dr. Aheron, of Junction, N. J., has sold to D. D. Wagner & Co., of Easton, Pa., the b. a. Parnell, 4 years old, by Bayonne Prince, dam Lady Viletta, by Edward Everett, for \$4000.

—R. W. Walden has purchased of Dwyer Brothers the brown horse Barnes, foaled 1880, by Billet, dam Mercedes, by Melbourne Jr., and the horse will be taken to the Bowlingbrook Stud, in Maryland, where Mr. Walden has bred so many good ones.

—Messrs. Clay & Woodford, of the Runnymede Stud, are considering the advisability of importing an English stallion. Billet is now in his 23d year, and although he is as sound and well as ever, his time, in the course of nature is short, and Hindoo will be left alone.

—Judge N. M. Hubbard, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., is one of the latest acquisitions to the ranks of trotting-horse breeders. As a nucleus of his breeding stock he purchased at Highland Park Farm, Dubuque, Ia., the bay weanling colt Algon, by Nutwood, dam Alpha, by Alcantara, for \$2500.

—It begins to look as if Hampton were the coming sire in England. With the success of his son, Merry Hampton, in the Derby, and Revere O'R's 1000 Guineas and Oaks, he is already very prominently forward in the list of "winning sires," while his son Savile, who won the Goodwood cup, will help him a great deal.

—The four-mile harness record of 11.06, made by Trustee at the old Union Course, Long Island, on June 13, 1846, remained as the best on record until August 12, when the Keokuk (Iowa) Association offered \$250 as an inducement to have it reduced. The owner of Satellite entered his horse, and succeeded in lowering the figures over a half-mile track in 10.52. Satellite is by Temper, a son of Keasarge.

—A large consignment of English thoroughbreds is about to be made to this country. It will consist of the well-known stallions Glen Arthur and Rossington, and a large number of blood-mares, some twenty in all, including the entire stud of a leading English breeder who is going to retire, and will send the mares as soon as their foals are weaned, reserving the foals for sale in England next season as yearlings.

—In the Haritan stakes, the first race which Hanover lost to Laggard, he gave the latter 17 pounds, he carrying 128 pounds to Laggard's 111, the track being very heavy. In the second race, when beaten by the same horse, he gave him 7 pounds. Both races were run on a heavy, muddy track, where weight tells most. In the Choice stakes Hanover gave Banburg 8 pounds, the track again being wet and heavy. That Hanover was not himself in any one of these races must be conceded. He had won all the previous contests in the most hollow style, conceding weight to it.

—For some cause or other Volante is an uncertain performer. He is so good at times that his owner is tempted to match him against anything on the turf, but by and by the son of Grinstead is unable to hold his own in company that could hardly be classed as mediocre. He was shamefully beaten by Royal Arch at Saratoga, and subsequently Hanover and Frenzi made a show of him in the Champion at Monmouth Park. It is safe to say that he has not displayed his best form since he came East. At Chicago he was well high invincible.

—Another popular material is drap d'Alma. In the medium and finer numbers it is one of the most desirable of fabrics. It is also shown in colors, but with less satisfactory results.

FARM NOTES.

VERMIN.—These are the worst pests of the season, and need immediate attention before they do mischief by their rapid increase in numbers. The poultry vermin are encouraged by filth; they are also brought in and spread by rats and mice, and where these creatures abound it is impossible to keep the buildings clear of fleas and lice. The poultry house is the first point of attack. If the fowls are kept in or adjacent to the barn and stables, they should be removed, because they become a source of infection to other animals. Horses have been known to die from the effects of those intolerable but minute pests known as chicken fleas—small red mites which cover a person who carelessly handles the fowls in the evening, and who finds soon after that he is attacked by a fiery hot irritation produced by these pests over his whole body. For these reasons fowls should be kept where they can be kept clean and the house free from filth. Dry air slackened lime should be dusted over the whole house and kerosene oil drenched over the perches and nest boxes, especially in the joints and cracks. If these precautions are used, and the breeding place of the vermin destroyed the fowls will soon free themselves and keep clean. Calves can be easily freed from their pests. Perhaps some severe measures must be taken to destroy the vermin in their harbors, but once this is done it is easy to keep them at a distance. The skin should be dressed with a mixture of four ounces of lard, one ounce of sulphur, and one teaspoonful of creosote, well rubbed together. This must be done daily or it will not be effective. Cows should be treated in the same manner. And once the pests are dislodged the animals should be well brushed once a day. This cleansing of the skin is a great help. It removes the dry, scurfy matter among which the vermin harbor and perhaps feed upon. When any lice are left it will be a good plan to pour a small quantity of kerosene oil upon the brush and work it into the animal's coat. This will very soon clear the animals of all the pest. It is an excellent method for horses should they become infested. The ticks upon sheep and lambs require harsher methods. These tough, leathery insects seem to be proof against all milder remedies than a strong dose of tobacco and sulphur. A pound of strong tobacco is steeped 12 hours in a gallon of boiling water; four ounces of flowers of sulphur is added and the liquor stirred several times. It is then strained and cooled to 120°, when either the lambs are dipped in it, or it is poured along the sides, shoulders, and flanks in such a way that the wool holds it. This kills the ticks, but it sometimes sickens the lambs. Some farmers have found a mixture of buttermilk beaten up to an emulsion with a small quantity of linseed oil and kerosene oil, sufficient to give the whole a strong odor and poured over the body as above described, to be quite effective in dislodging the ticks. It must be repeated in two weeks to kill off the newly hatched pups.

The subject of potato culture was recently discussed by a number of prominent Massachusetts farmers. Mr. Hawden said: You may select the Early Rose, and take the eyes from the seed end, and also those from the opposite end, and use them for seed, and in the course of years you will find that you have two kinds of Early Rose, one of which will be two weeks earlier than the other. Ben J. P. Ware agreed that the eyes from the seed end will produce potatoes earliest. Mr. Hussey: I have tried this experiment, and am satisfied that eyes from the seed end will be earliest, but just as much the earliest the first year as the second. Mr. King: I used the seed end, but discarded the butt. If you should plant the two ends side by side, I would guarantee, from experiment, that you would get them twelve days earlier from the seed end than from the other. James J. Gregory: In regard to this point I am pretty well satisfied that it is worth trying by all our farmers. My neighbor is a careful man, and makes everything go as far as any man can, and he is settled on the point. He plants from the seed end. Yet there is a difference of opinion on that point.

FEEDING HORSES.—The horse is more dainty about his food than any other farm animal excepting a sheep. No unclean refuse should be left in the feeding boxes to sour under the animal's nose. In warm weather the danger of this is greater, especially when meat with wet hay is given. This is the best possible feed for a working horse, but if left to many hired men it will be unsatisfactory from over-feeding. Some people seem to think that there is in feeding a horse to stuff his manger full with hay all the time and give him large amounts of grain or meal. Under such management a horse will grow poor, as his appetite will fail, and with no appetite he cannot do efficient work.

A SUCCESSFUL turkey-raiser gives us the following most excellent plan for raising turkeys. In the first place give two grains of black pepper when first taken off the nest, then feed them on custard made of eggs and milk (no sugar) until about 2 weeks old. After this give them egg corn-bread soaked in milk, alternated with scalded clabber, pouring off the whey. They will soon learn to pick up grains of wheat. I put ashes in the pen for them to dust in, and it is amusing to see them throw the ashes all over their bodies while they are waiting for the dew to go off the grass so they can start on a foraging expedition. I also furnished them lime to pick, and plenty of fresh water and milk to drink.

ALTHOUGH plaster is an excellent absorbent of ammonia, yet it is not equal to sulphate of potash (kainit), as the latter is more soluble and also more easily broken up from its combinations, thus enabling it the more readily to unite with ammonia (thereby forming sulphates) and preventing its escape.

Professor Watson Smith of Owens College, Manchester, Eng., says of dyes: "Formerly they used to rely principally upon vegetable dyes of animal origin. The vegetable or wood dyes, however, had to a large extent disappeared, and there were not many of these with which they needed to trouble their minds, because they had replaced and would be still further replaced by other materials. There were really only two of these vegetable dyes remaining—indigo and logwood—all other wood dyes having been already more or less replaced by coal-tar dyes. Lac dye had been entirely displaced, and the consumption of cochineal had been reduced to probably less than 200 tons per year. A great deal has been said against coal-tar dyes. They were told that these dyes were fugitive and poisonous, and that there could not be produced from them as fine a shade as was obtained from the vegetable dyes. Now all this was fallacious. If all that had been said against coal-tar colors was true, one would naturally be led to suppose that the consumption of them would decrease. But what was the fact? Why, in the last year the consumption of these coal-tar colors had increased more than 33 per cent. Trade last year was but all over the world—they hoped that this year it might be better—yet this increase of consumption had taken place, quite exclusively, he should say, in compound colors. No fabrics were now dyed in any of the pure colors, and the increase of consumption had taken place in judiciously blending these colors with themselves or with vegetable dyes. A card of 'spring shades, 1887,' being 150 different colors obtained from coal-tar, without indigo or any vegetable dyes, as shown. These colors comprise many bright and most delicate shades."

To avoid the difficulties and inconvenience attending the use of steam engines a strong company has been formed in Paris, Industries states, for the supply of compressed air to the users of dynamo machines for electric lighting. A central station has been provided, where engines of 3000 horsepower generate power which is pumped out for this purpose. The mains are already being laid, and the work is being pushed on with all possible speed to furnish motive power to the theatres, within the time allowed by the Government order, for the substitution of electric light for gas. With electric lamps and compressed-air engines, the maximum safety from fire will have been attained. The offices of the *Figaro* are said to be the first to be lighted by this means. The scheme is to be extended to the provinces, and Lille will probably be the first town to adopt it.

It is commonly stated and generally supposed that lanoline favors cutaneous absorption. But M. Aubert asserts that his experience is absolutely contradictory to this belief. So far from favoring absorption, he says, it prevents it almost wholly. In consequence of this, as lanoline does not spread over the skin, but adheres strongly to the part to which it is applied, and as it is not absorbed, he advises that it be used as a vehicle for antiseptic substances in surgical practice.

Indian hemp, in doses night and morning of one-half grain, and increased, if need be, to a grain, and continued for some time, is spoken of by Dr. Stephen MacKenzie, lecturer on medicine at the London Hospital, as the most valuable remedy he has met with in the treatment of persistent headache.

Over-Worked Women. For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singular purpose, being a most potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00 a bottle, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for ten cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Respect only those who respect themselves, and you will have less to regret.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" cleanse and purify the blood and relieve the digestive organs.

True Christian charity goes further down than the heart—it reaches the pocket.

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures.

Never yet was a good cat lost, no matter if it was not appreciated.

Fraser Axle Grease.

There is no need of being imposed on if you will insist on having the Fraser Brand of Axle Grease. One greasing will last two weeks.

True gladness doth not always speak; joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.

To thoroughly cure scrofula, it is necessary to strike directly at the root of the evil. This is exactly what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, by acting upon the blood, thoroughly cleansing it of all impurities, and leaving not even a taint of scrofula in the vital fluid.

The road to home-happiness lies over small stepping-stones.

Nothing like a honey cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Disease, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. Omaha, 511 North 13th St. A bottle, 50c; six, \$2.50. Druggists. Try it.

Be remembered rather by thy doings than by thy sayings.

ROYAL GLEE mends anything! Broken China, Glass, Wood. Free Vials at Drugs & Gro.

A friend who serves you only in sunshine is not a friend.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's Cure for Consumption and rest well.

REPORTER (Interviewing rich-man): "You began life barefooted and worked for a dollar a week, I believe?" "No, sir, I didn't." "Well, that will have to go in anyway. They all do it, and if we should make an exception in your case our readers would complain."

"Rev. Mr. Sticker."—"So you don't think I practice what I preach, deacon?" Deacon Kicker:—"Well, considering that you've been preaching on the subject of 'resignation' for the last forty-nine years, I don't quite think you do."

"PA," inquired Bobby, who was reading the paper, "what is 'a stony glare'?"

"It is the expression which comes over a man's face at church," explained the old gentleman, "when the contribution box is held before him and he has neglected to provide himself with ten cents in change."

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS, THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury and all Impurities. Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent: C. N. CRITTENDON, New York.

CATARRH AND HAY FEVER CURE. ELY'S CREAM BALM. Apply Balm into each nostril.

Minnesota and Northwestern R. R. Between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis and between Chicago, Dubuque and Des Moines, Iowa. Two Limited Trains each way Daily.

WEBSTER'S Unabridged Dictionary. A DICTIONARY 114,000 Words, 5,000 Engravings, GAZETTEER OF THE WORLD OF 25,000 Cities, BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY of nearly 10,000 Noted Persons, ALL IN ONE BOOK. Contains 3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary.

Webster is Standard Authority in the Government Printing Office, and with the U. S. Supreme Court. It is recommended by State Superintendents of Schools in 37 States, and by nearly all the College Presidents. Sale 20 to 1 of any other series. It is a library in itself, and contains the pith and the essence of all other books. With this and the Bible, we might go comfortably through the world and find no great lack.—Independent. G. & C. MERRIAM & CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

EXHAUSTED VITALITY A Great Medical Work for Young and Middle-Aged Men.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE KNOW THYSELF.

PUBLISHED BY THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 211 N. PARKER, M.D., Boston, Mass. More than one million copies sold. It treats upon Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Exhausted Vitality, Impaired Vigor and Impurities of the Blood, and the various diseases consequent thereon. Contains 300 pages, substantially embodied in full color. Warranted the best popular medical treatise published in the English language. Price only \$1.00 by mail postpaid, and enclosed in a plain wrapper. Illustrations ample free if you send now. Address as above. Name this paper.

JONES PAYS THE FREIGHT 5 Ton Wagon Scales. See how we can save you money. BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Shot Guns Revolvers. For Sale. Address: Great Western Gun Works, Pittsburg, Pa.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Best in the World. Made only by the Fraser Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N.Y. & St. Louis. Sold everywhere.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE BEST IN THE WORLD!

BALLARD Gentry, Hunting and Target Rifles. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

DR. HAIR'S ASTHMA CURE Has absolutely cured tens of thousands of cases. The only Asthma Cure and Treatment known to the medical world that will, permanently cure Asthma and Hay Fever. Questionable evidence can be found in my six-page Treatise, sent free. DR. H. W. HAIR, 20 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.

FINE Blooded Catfish, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Dogs for sale. Catalogues with illustrations free. N. F. Hoyer & Co., Louisville, Ky.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa.

Gold is worth \$500 per pound. Pettit's Eye Salve \$1.00, but is sold at 25 cents a box by dealers.

Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 34 round, 14 Pills.

PALM'S Business College, Philadelphia, Pa. Situation furnished. Life Scholarship, \$40. Write.

TELEGRAPHY Learn here and earn money. Write for particulars. Situations furnished. Write Vindicator Press, Philadelphia, Pa.

OPIUM Habit Cured. Treatment sent free. HIGMAN REMEDY CO., LAKEVIEW, N.Y.

HUMOROUS.

ONE day one of the officers of the cooking school came to one of the teachers with rather a splendid air, saying:

"You are to have a new pupil today, a young friend of mind who graduated last year from Vassar. She is a very accomplished young lady and I think you will find her a valuable addition to the class. She is a girl of quick comprehension and very bright."

The teacher bowed and prepared herself for meeting a pupil who would never get her measures wrong, nor fail to see the niceties of all culinary philosophy. The first lesson of the Vassar girl, who was a pretty and well-bred young woman, was a demonstration lesson on meat cooking. She listened to the opening remarks with interest. She "begged pardon" to ask, "What is a skewer?" and watched the teacher with housewife interest. But presently, "Now separate the fat from the lean," said the cooking teacher, and the other pupils began the task. Poor Miss Vassar looked at the meat before her in despair. She had never observed it in its uncooked state before. There was no help for it.

"I am so sorry," she said sweetly, "but won't you please tell me which is the fat and which the lean?"

A SURE THING IT IS.—"What interest can you have in reading the list of prizes in the Havana lottery? You never buy any tickets," asked Koskinko Murphy, on seeing Colonel Yerger perusing a paper.

"I know that I never buy a ticket, but I have more real enjoyment than if I did," replied Colonel Yerger.

"How is that?"

"You see, I pick out a number. If it wins, I am as much tickled as a man can be, and go on a tear. If my number don't win, then I have saved the price of a ticket, and I celebrate my escape with the money I've saved. I am bound to win either way. I can't be beat."

CULINARY ITEM.—Matilda Snowball is cook for the family of Col. Percy Yerger. Mrs. Yerger had unexpectedly received company, but was unprepared to entertain them.

"Matilda, we will have a poor dinner I expect we will have to make an apology."

"Make apology! How kin we make a apology! We ain't got no eggs, no butter, no nuffin."

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN.—Mamie Peterby, of Austin, Texas, became separated from her little brother while they were out walking.

"What's the matter?" asked a kind-hearted gentleman, as he observed her perplexity.

"Have you seen a gentleman anywhere walking around unaccompanied by a lady?" asked Mamie.

Too MUCH FUSS IN THE FAMILY.—Johnny Fizzlepot is not as industrious at school as he might be, and his father endeavors to correct the evil.

"So you were kept in again to-day at school for not knowing your lesson. Just walk into that room," said old Fizzlepot, hunting for a strap.

"O, no, pa. Don't for heaven's sake let us have another of those scenes."

RUSSIAN COMPLICATIONS.—"The Czar has joined the Nihilists."

"W-h-a-t!"

"Not the present Czar, but his father, the one who was blown up several years ago. He joined in the other world the Nihilists that had been previously executed by his orders."

WORKING THAT WAY.—Old Lady (shocked): "You little boys ought to be at Sunday-school instead of playing baseball on the Lord's day."

"Little Boys."—"It ain't time for Sunday-school. We've got half an hour yet."

You smoke a great deal, Gus," said a friend to Gus De Smith. "Yes," replied Gus, "particularly after dinner. I have got so in the habit of smoking after dinner that the dinner doesn't taste right when I eat it unless I have a smoke afterwards."

A TIMELY WARNING.—"Jimmy, you'd better stop slidin' down that cellar door," said one urchin to another. "What for?" "Cos yer wearin' out the seat of yer pants." "I don't care." "Well, you better. School's goin' to commence pirty soon."

A FISHING EXCURSION.—"My dear girl," said a fond father to his daughter, "surely you're not going to take all those trunks to Saratoga with you?"

"Yes, papa, every one, and they are few enough."

"But what in the world have you got in 'em?"

"Bait, papa," said the dear girl brightly.

Good for Hard Workers.

It is fully claimed and pretty well sustained that hard workers can accomplish almost twice as much and save themselves from illness and loss of time if they take eight cents' worth per day of the extract of the Moxie Nerve Food Plant, now creating so much discussion. The dealers say its sale is the largest ever known. If a nervous woman gets hold of a bottle she gets the whole neighborhood talking about it, and a woman's curiosity has to be gratified if it costs the price of a bonnet.

A COLORED gentleman applied to Col. Yerger, of Austin, Tex., for employment.

"Have you any references from your former employers?" asked Col. Yerger.

"Yes, I has, boss. I've worked under all de superintendents of de penitentiary for de las' ten years, and dey jess, worshipped me bec'."

MEDICAL ITEM.—"You are looking so badly, my daughter," said an Austin mother to her seven-year-old daughter, "that I shall send for Dr. Smith."

"Don't send for him. He is already engaged to be married."

CALIFORNIA papers note that the Chinese are gradually leaving the Pacific coast and coming to the large Eastern cities. Decreasing business is assigned as the reason.

Dyspepsia

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Among the agonies experienced by the dyspeptic are distress before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, etc., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are discouraged by all of good cheer and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured hundreds; it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ROUGH ON RATS TRADE MARK **DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE**

Gone where the Woodbine Twined. Rats are smart, but "Rough on Rats" beats them. Clears out Rats, Mice, Roaches, Water Bugs, Fleas, Beetles, Moths, Ants, Houseflies, Bed-bugs, Insects, Potato Bugs, Sparrows, Skunks, Weasels, Gophers, Chipmunks, Mole, Muskrat, Jack Rabbits, Squirrels, Etc. &c.

HEN LICE.

"Rough on Rats" is a complete preventive and destroyer of Hen Lice. Mix a 5c. box of "Rough on Rats" with a pint of whitewash, and keep it well stirred up while applying. Wipe the whole interior of the henhouse inside and outside of the roosts. The cure is radical and complete.

POTATO BUGS.

For Potato Bugs, Insects on Vines, Shrubs, Trees, 1 pound or half the contents of a \$1.00 box of "Rough on Rats" (Agricultural Size) to be thoroughly mixed with one to two barrels of plaster, or what is better a slack lime. Much depends upon thorough mixing, so as to completely distribute the poison. Sprinkle on plants, trees or shrubs when damp or wet, and is quite effective when mixed with lime, dusted on without moisture. While in its concentrated state it is the most active and strongest of all Bug Poisons; when mixed as above is comparatively harmless to animals or persons, in any quantity they would take. If preferred to use in liquid form, stable, proof of the full strength "Rough on Rats" Powder, well shaken, in a keg of water and applied with a sprinkling pot, spray syringe or weak broom, will be found very effective. Keep it well stirred up while using. Sold by all Druggists and Storekeepers. Etc., Etc. &c. E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Save by druggists.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Pierce's Little Liver Pills

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

CENTRE HALL, PA., September 15, 1887.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
J. ROSS THOMPSON.
FOR STATE TREASURER:
B. J. McGRANN.

Democratic County Ticket.

Associate Judge—JOHN GROVE.
Sheriff—JOHN NOLL.
Treasurer—JAMES KIMPORT.
Recorder—JOHN A. RUPP.
Register—W. GAYLER MORRISON.
Commissioners—A. J. GREIST,
M. S. FEIDLER.
Auditors—H. A. MCKEE,
T. B. JAMISON.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY COMMITTEE.

Belleville { N. W. H. Y. Sitzer,
S. W. Edward Brown, Jr.,
Howard Boro. { W. W. James Schofield,
A. C. Wilber, Jr.,
Millsboro Boro. { A. C. Wilber, Jr.,
A. Frank,
Millheim Boro. { A. J. Meyer,
Centre Hall Boro. { C. G. Herling,
3d W. Henry Lehman,
4th W. A. J. Graham,
Unionville Boro. { A. J. Greist,
Benner twp. { Thomas Frazier,
James Conkey,
Boggs twp. { W. P. Milligan Walker,
do { E. P. H. L. Harvey,
Burnside twp. { Anson Dougherty,
College twp. { John I. Williams,
Curtin twp. { David Rickley,
Ferguson twp. { Henry Krebs,
do { Frank Bowersox,
Gregg twp. { Hiram Grove,
do { Josiah Roseman,
Haines twp. { William Keen,
do { W. P. George M. Keister,
Halt Moon twp. { William Bailey,
Harris twp. { Frank E. Welland,
Howard twp. { John Gloun,
Huston twp. { Wm. Irwin,
Liberty twp. { Wm. Gardner,
Marion twp. { John Ishler,
Miles twp. { A. N. Cornman,
Fulton twp. { J. C. Beckley,
Penn twp. { Wm. H. Kreamer,
Potter twp. { F. A. Foreman,
do { S. P. W. W. Boyer,
Rush twp. { J. M. Clarr,
do { N. P. John Howe,
Snow Shoe twp. { Andrew Lucas,
do { E. P. James Reading,
Spring twp. { Wm. Woods,
Taylor twp. { Wm. Caldwellwood,
Walker twp. { John H. Beck,
Worth twp. { G. J. Woodring,
Union twp. { Charles McGarvey.

H. Y. SYTZER, Secretary. JAMES A. McCLAIN, Chairman.

Michigan votes for dry times. Elections on the question of local option were held in nine counties of the state, seven of which voted in favor of it. This makes thirty prohibition counties in the state, and eighteen others will vote on local option soon.

Great distress from drought is reported to exist in Frio county, Texas. The people in the rural districts have been reduced to a state of absolute poverty bordering on starvation. So pressing is the need for help that the Farmers Alliance, of Frio, has issued an appeal asking that contributions of corn and breadstuffs be sent to A. L. Curtis, at Fearsall, for distribution to the sufferers.

The Acting Land Commissioner has prepared a statement showing that the estimated number of acres restored to the public domain under the August orders of the Secretary of the Interior, revoking indemnity withdrawals, is 21,323,600, exclusive of 1,513,000 acres within the limits of Indian reservations. This embraces the roads in regard to which restoration orders have thus far been issued. Thanks to a Democratic administration for gaining back what the Republicans had given away.

Father Thomas McGovern, of Danville Montour county, formerly of Bellefonte, has been appointed Bishop of the Harrisburg diocese to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Bishop Shannahan. A better selection could hardly have been made—could not have been made, in fact. Father McGovern is a clergyman of much piety and great ability, and is vastly liked both as a man and a priest. The REPORTER is pleased to note this appointment of one in whom it recognizes a valued friend.

There is no sign of a settlement of the wage dispute in the coke region. A number of operators held their regular meeting and reasserted their determination to offer no other scale than the one already presented. During the afternoon more than one operator stated that a strike will be preferable to any scale which gives an advance in wages.

On the other hand the workmen, through their Union, declare that no scale less favorable to them than the Frick scale will be agreed upon. The workmen are emphatic on this point and are holding meetings and throughout the region declaring their intentions to hold out against the proposed scale of the operators.

The demand for rooms from which to view the procession in Philadelphia on the occasion of the celebration of the centennial of the Constitution is as lively as it was in London when the royal procession was to be seen on Jubilee Day. A Philadelphia offered \$100 a day for the use of a room in a Broad street hotel and could not get it from the occupant, who had engaged it at a much lower rate. At other hotels rooms are had for \$25 a day, but ordinarily the price is \$15. These prices are, of course, only for rooms from which to view the procession, the hotel-keepers have agreed that rates of rooms for regular entertainment shall be kept reasonable.

TARIFF GREED AND MONOPOLY

The statement of the enormous increase in the cost of imports of steel and iron by reason of the heavy duties, insurance, freights, etc., which the organ of protection has been raised in price so a rate equivalent to the price of the foreign import with the duties and freight added; and this in one form or another has been a tax upon the earnings of every worker in the land. Every year since the combination was formed at Long Branch, the Bessemer ring has divided among its members, at a very moderate estimate, not less than \$10,000,000 over and above legitimate profits. The duty of \$17 a ton enables them to gather this booty from the American public; yet the droll pretense is made by one of their organs that the present tariff is "imperfectly protective" of their interests. The shameless greed of monopoly invites the American people to contemplate the vast extent of its extortions under the tariff system.

HENRY GEORGE IDEAS.

The Utopia of Sir Thomas More and the New Atlantis of Sir Francis Bacon, although prose in composition, are highly imaginative in conception. Given National or Governmental landownership for a fulcrum and disenthralled labor for a lever, Mr. George promises to lift our people unto Elysian heights. His theory is that the private ownership of land is the source of all social evils, and especially of the unequal distribution of wealth. "To extirpate property to make wages what justice commands, they should be the full earnings of the laborer. We must substitute for individual ownership. We must make land common property. * * * By the time the people of the United States are sufficiently aroused to the injustice and disadvantages of individual ownership of land to induce them to attempt its nationalization, they will be sufficiently aroused to naturalize it in a much more direct and easy way than by purchase. They will not trouble themselves about compensating the proprietors of the land." Mr. Richard Turpin, on Hounslow Heath, showing his pistol into a coach window and demanding the purses and gold snuff boxes of the passengers, never presented a more clearly defined proposition of barefaced robbery than this, yet it is the doctrine that Mr. George and his disciples are preaching to thousands of untalented and reflecting men.

The saloonkeepers of New York city and Brooklyn are agitating a movement to have such laws passed as will permit them to keep open from 1 o'clock P. M. on Sunday to the following midnight. They concede the first half of the Sabbath day to the temperance people and take the last half for themselves. This proposition will be maddening to people whose watchword is "No compromise with rum." But in selecting their half of the day, the saloonkeepers took the profitable end for their business. Inasmuch as the suppression of Sunday traffic in liquor can never be accomplished while the hinges on the side door hold out, the saloonkeepers will doubtless argue that their proposition makes an exceedingly liberal concession on their part.

The Rio Grande is getting very low at El Paso, and before winter sets in it may run entirely dry. There is at present only a narrow, trickling stream between the two republics, which is scarcely ankle deep.

Ex-Senator Mahone is suing Senator Riddleberger for money used in the campaign of 1881. Riddleberger, in testifying, accused Mahone of perjury, and admitted that he himself was a deceiver. As the mother of statesmen, Virginia turned out a pretty poor crop this year.

The Oakland (Cal.) Times says the electric railway now running at Los Angeles is pronounced a great success. They claim that an electric railway can be built for one-third of the cost of a cable road, and be run at much greater speed and less expense. They have run as high as twenty miles per hour, but the usual speed is from ten to twelve. The field where electricity is being employed is enlarging daily, and its possibilities are something marvelous.

Seven hundred silver dollars have been used by a New York Assemblyman to pave the floor of his liquor saloon. They would have provided at least one square meal for each one of seven hundred half-starved families.

Each of the dollars may represent a thousand tears and as many families made miserable.

The State Live Stock Commissioners have discovered that Texas fever is killing off cattle in the southern part of Chicago at a rapid rate. Professor Law is of the opinion that shipping of Texas cattle to the North and East during the warm months should be prohibited by the government and by all the State authorities, as only in that way can the native cattle be protected from Texas fever.

NOTICE.

From date of this notice chop grists will be ground only on Tuesday and Friday of each week. In order to make sure, please have grists in by Monday and Thursday evening or early morning of next days. KURTZ & SON, Sept. 1, 1887.

CONSTITUTIONAL CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT PHILADELPHIA.

The centennial anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States will be celebrated in Philadelphia, on September 15th, 16th, and 17th. The commission having the matter in charge has devoted much care and attention to the detail of the various forms of entertainment provided for the occasion, and the celebration as a whole bids fair to surpass anything of the kind seen in this country, while many individual features will possess not only a national but a historic interest.

Thursday, September 15th, is assigned for a grand Industrial Display. It will illustrate the customs, characteristics, commerce, arts, implements of industry, &c., of 1787 compared with those in use at the present time. This display moving in long procession, mounted upon immense floats, promises to be of unusual interest and beauty, and will afford a demonstration of the changes and progress in the first century of our constitutional existence. In the evening Governor Beaver, of Pennsylvania, will hold a public reception at the Academy of Music.

On Friday, September 16th, there will be a grand military parade and review in which the militia of the various states will take part, assisted by detachments of United States regulars and marines, and sailors from the ships of war in the harbor. Fully fifteen thousand men will be in line, and the display will without doubt be the finest seen in this country since the war. In the evening a reception will be held in honor of the President of the United States and the representatives of foreign governments.

On Saturday, September 17th, special commemorative services will be held in Independence Square, presided over by President Cleveland. The oration will be delivered by Mr. Justice Miller of the Supreme Court, and the singing of national hymns by the children of the Public Schools will be a prominent feature, while the music will be furnished by the Marine Band of Washington.

In order to accommodate all those who may desire to attend, the Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Philadelphia, September 13th to 17th, inclusive, from all stations on its main line and branches, at a single fare for the round trip.

ABOUT 7,000 MEN IN THE LEHIGH REGION QUIT WORK.

About 7,000 miners, members of the miners' and laborers' amalgamated association, and employed in the Lehigh region, between Mauch Chunk and Tamaqua, went on a strike on Saturday. The strikers are all employed by individual operators. They, in common with the miners employed by the Philadelphia and Reading railroad, demanded an increase of wages averaging about 12 per cent. to take effect Sept. 10. The officers of the Philadelphia and Reading railroad asked that the matter be arbitrated, which was agreed to, but the individual operators refused to make any concessions, hence the strike.

In case the Philadelphia and Reading company grant the demands of their employees then the strike inaugurated on Saturday will fall through, as enough coal can be mined for the market without the assistance of the strikers. Should the Reading company refuse to grant the demands of their men, then serious results may follow and the army of strikers would be increased to 20,000. Such a large army of men thrown into idleness would tighten the coal market, but by no means create a panic as the Wyoming Valley, which supplies more than half the coal mined for that market, is not affected by the strike.

THE MILTON FAIR.

GREAT PREPARATIONS MAKING FOR A FINE EXHIBITION.

The Third annual exhibition of the Milton Driving Park and Fair Association will open on Wednesday, Sept. 28th and continue four days. The management are putting forth every effort to make it a grand success in every respect. The premium list has been revised and enlarged, many additions having been adopted and in addition to the exhibits of agricultural, horticultural and mechanical products, a number of choice attractions, including the world-renowned Myrtle Peak Combination with their matchless running horses, have been secured. The sum total of premiums announced aggregates seven thousand dollars, of which fully \$1,850 will be paid for trials of speed. Already many noted horsemen have signified their intention of being present to enter the contest, and some fine trials of speed may be expected. Taken all in all, the coming exhibition promises not only to be the largest, but the finest and grandest ever held in this part of the State. Excursion rates over all railroads running to Milton. The trains of the Pennsylvania railroad stop at the grounds.

IN BRIEF, AND TO THE POINT.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

Larger Than Ever!

FURNITURE EMPORIUM OF

W. R. CAMP, Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

Is now more complete than ever. Endless variety of

Chamber & Parlor Suits, Odd Piece

I respectfully invite the people of Centre county to call and examine. In purchasing these goods I have taken great care in selection, and purchased the best for the money. My prices are in strict conformity with reliable goods. Our Store Room is full and is worth seeing even if you do not buy. We have an attractive line of Parlor Suits—of all the fashionable styles. Chamber Suits are equally attractive. They are in Walnut, Ash and Cherry. Besides goods enumerated above we have everything that can be found in a first class Furniture Store. Come and see our Stock.

W. R. Camp, Bishop St.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

H. K. HICKS & BRO.

H. K. HICKS & BRO.

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

—DEALERS IN—

Hardware,

Oils, Paints,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

FREIGHT MUST BE LOADED AT BELLEFONTE BY 10 A. M.

EXPRESS ANY TIME UP TO TRAIN TIME. COME TO SEE US.

We have the largest stock at the lowest prices of any store in our line of business in Centre county. Now that you have a Railroad through the valley and Telephone Connection direct to our store, it will more than pay you to order from us. We guarantee prompt shipments and the lowest prices for the best goods. When you can save money you will certainly take advantage of this opportunity. H. K. HICKS & BRO.

THIRTY DAYS TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES. Our positive terms are CASH. Thirty days to responsible parties.

Glass,

Iron,

STOVES, STOVES, STOVES.

H. K. HICKS & BRO.

aply

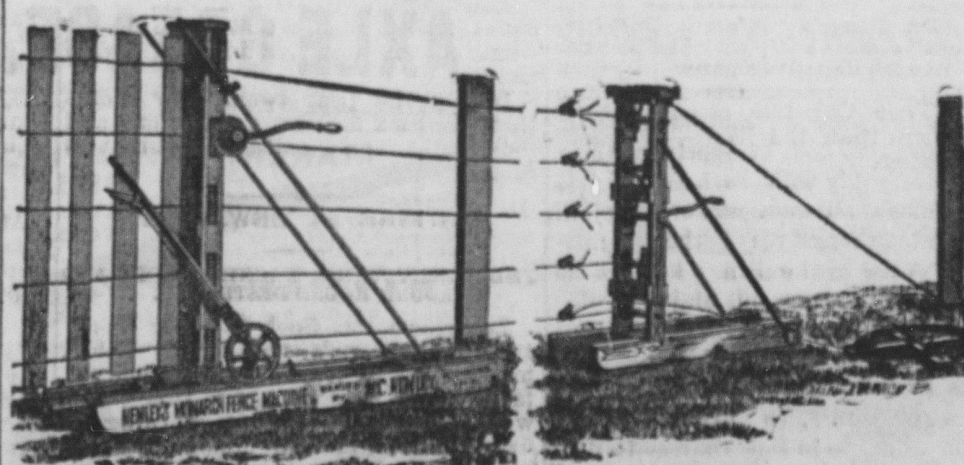
H. K. HICKS & BRO.

Read the "REPORTER"

\$1.50 a Year.

THE IMPROVED

Henly Monarch Fence Machine

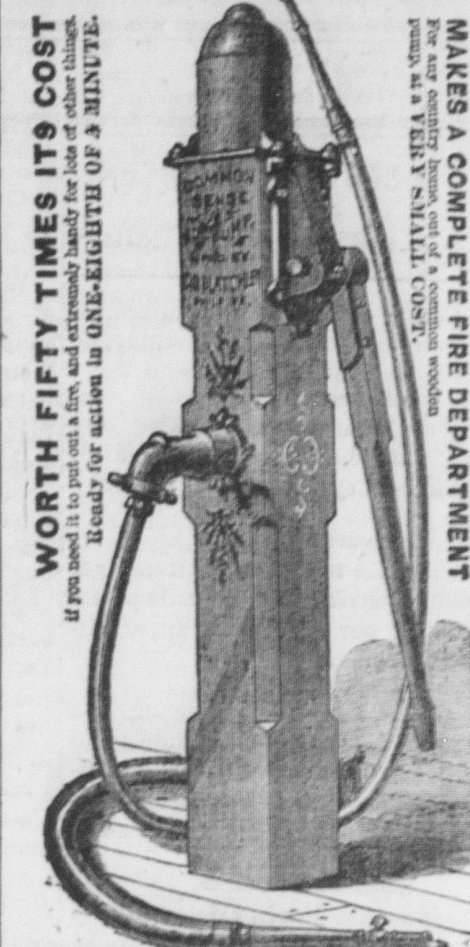


COMMON SENSE REASONS WHY THE IMPROVED HENLY MONARCH FENCE MACHINE IS THE BEST AND HAS NO EQUAL.

- 1 Because the wire is stretched the full length of the field before the weaving is commenced.
- 2 Because any sized wire can be used, and either 2, 3, 4, or 5 double strands can be used, weaving all with equal facility.
- 3 Because any size, length, or style of picket, or slat, or board, can be used, weaving fancy iron pickets equally well and solid.
- 4 Because it will make a fence over rough and uneven ground, or up and down hill alike, making as good a fence as on even, level ground; and the machine being adjustable, the pickets are all woven plumb.
- 5 Because the Monarch machine stretches the wire tighter, thus making the strongest and best wire and picket fence.
- 6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and repair.
- 7 Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time.
- 8 Because the price is within the reach of every farmer.
- 9 Because it is the only machine that forces the slat or picket firmly against the wire, thus securing the slat in such a solid and permanent manner that it cannot be pulled out, and breakage is impossible.
- 10 Because the fence made by this machine will turn all kinds of stock, and is much stronger than any barbed wire fence, and completely obviates all danger of injury to stock.
- 11 Because by weaving past the post, and fastening the wire strands to the posts with staples, and not nailing the slats to posts, thus keeping the wood parts from coming in contact with each other, it will not hold the moisture or rot. This is a very important matter, as all boards in board fences soon rot off at post, and occasion continued expense for repair.
- 12 Because it is made of old material, and is used for making new fences.
- 13 Because it makes the handiest, best, strongest, and most durable fence, and is the only first-class, practical fence machine in the world.

For prices of machines, fence material, or territory addresses, SHIRES & KENNEDY, Sole Manufacturers Agents for Pennsylvania and New York. CENTRE HALL, PA.

THE COMMON SENSE LIFT AND FORCE PUMP



WORTH FIFTY TIMES ITS COST. If you need it to put out a fire, and extremely handy for lots of other things. Ready for action in ONE-EIGHTH OF A MINUTE. MAKES A COMPLETE FIRE DEPARTMENT. PUMP, A VERY SMALL ONE.

CHARLES G. BLATCHLEY

MANUFACTURER OF ALL SIZES AND STYLES OF WOOD PUMPS.

Office at N. E. City Hall Square, and will be appreciated of suitable territory and already occupied.

Opp. Broad St. Station P. R. R. Philadelphia, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Jan. 20, 1888.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia 11:25 p.m.

Harrisburg 3:30 a.m.

Montandon 5:30 a.m.

Williamsport 7:10 a.m.

Jersey Shore 7:35 a.m.

Lock Haven 7:55 a.m.

Renovo 8:50 a.m.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves Philadelphia 4:30 a.m.

Harrisburg 8:10 a.m.

Montandon 11:10 a.m.

Williamsport 12:10 p.m.

Lock Haven 12:30 p.m.

Renovo 1:25 p.m.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves Philadelphia 7:10 a.m.

Montandon 11:10 a.m.

Williamsport 12:10 p.m.

Lock Haven 12:30 p.m.

Renovo 1:25 p.m.

AST. LINE leaves Philadelphia 3:30 p.m.

Harrisburg 7:30 p.m.

Montandon 11:30 p.m.

Williamsport 12:30 a.m.

Lock Haven 1:30 a.m.

Renovo 2:30 a.m.

SUNDAY MAIL leaves Philadelphia 4:30 a.m.

Harrisburg 8:10 a.m.

Montandon 11:10 a.m.

Williamsport 12:10 p.m.

Lock Haven 12:30 p.m.

Renovo 1:25 p.m.

ERIE MAIL leaves Erie 2:45 p.m.

Renovo 4:45 p.m.

Lock Haven 5:45 p.m.

Williamsport 6:45 p.m.

Montandon 7:45 p.m.

at Harrisburg 8:45 p.m.

Philadelphia 9:45 p.m.

ERIE MAIL East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with R. E. & R. R. Trains.

ERIE MAIL East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. E. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with R. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONA RAILROAD.

BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R.

Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. Eastward.

P. M. A. M. STATIONS. A. M. P. M.

1 3:10 10:30 Montandon 9:10 1:05 4:45

1 4:10 11:30 Lewisburg 9:40 1:05 5:15

1 4:40 12:00 Rich 9:50 1:15 5:45

1 5:10 12:30 Vicksburg 10:00 1:45 6:15

1 5:40 1:00 Millburg 10:10 2:15 6:45

1 6:10 1:30 Millmont 10:20 2:45 7:15

1 6:40 2:00 Laurelsburg 10:30 3:15 7:45

1 7:10 2:30 Paddy Mountain 10:40 3:45 8:15

1 7:40 3:00 Johnstown 10:50 4:15 8:45

1 8:10 3:30 Zerbe 11:00 4:45 9:15

1 8:40 4:00 Rising Spring 11:10 5:15 9:45

1 9:10 4:30 Penn Cave 11:20 5:45 10:15

1 9:40 5:00 Centre Hall 11:30 6:15 10:45

1 10:10 5:30 Lewisburg 11:40 6:45 11:15

1 10:40 6:00 Johnstown 11:50 7:15 11:45

1 11:10 6:30 Oak Hall 12:00 7:45 12:15

1 11:40 7:00 Lemont 12:10 8:15 12:45

1 12:10 7:30 Dale Summit 12:20 8:45 1:15

1 12:40 8:00 Pleasant Gap 12:30 9:15 1:45

1 1:10 8:30 Axemann 12:40 9:45 2:15

1 1:40 9:00 Bellefonte 12:50 10:15 2:45

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5:20 a.m., 9:55 a.m., and 7:10 p.m., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 6:20 a.m., 4:00 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager.

J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass & Ag't

THE

Keystone Mutual Benefit Association.

—OF—

—ALLENTOWN, PA.—

Offers the cheapest and best

—LIFE INSURANCE.—

In amounts from \$500 to \$800.

AGENTS WANTED.

Send for Circulars. Address as above

24 feb'm

DR. H. S. CLEMENS,

whose regular

NEWS OF THE WEEK

A despatch from Westport, Connecticut, says that, as a gravel train was crossing the New Haven Railroad drawbridge, on the afternoon of the 1st, George H. Nordaby, a brakeman, saw a woman and two men struggling in the water. Their boat had been struck by a squall and capsized, and the two men were unable to save the woman. Nordaby plunged into the water below, a distance of forty-five feet, and rose to the surface within three feet of the drowning woman and bore her to the shore. Eleazer Page, 17 years old, was drowned while boating at Quebec, on the 2d. A younger brother of Eleazer, who had been ailing for some time, died shortly after the latter left the house. The mother, while suffering from the loss of the younger brother, was informed of the accident. She fainted and it is thought that she will die.

On the evening of the 3d, 225 pounds of dynamite exploded in the Wilbur mine, at Kingston, Ontario, doing great damage and seriously injuring a workman named Dunn. All the men had left the mine only five minutes before.

On the evening of the 2d a coal train on the Leavenworth branch of the Union Pacific Railroad was thrown from the track by an open switch. Some of the men, Lawrence, Kansas, Engineer J. Menden, Fireman Frank Davis and Brakeman Thomas Brown were killed.

A boat containing seven young men was upset in the river at Saco, Maine, on the afternoon of the 4th, and Albert Carter, aged 19, and Charles Michel, aged 17, were drowned.

A freight train and a gravel train on the Reading Railroad collided, on the 5th, in Williamsport. Both engines and a number of cars were wrecked, and Michael Joyce, brakeman was killed. The loss on property is \$30,000. It is said the conductor of the gravel train disobeyed orders. A train on the Newburyport Railroad struck a car at a crossing in North Beverly, Massachusetts, on the 5th. The occupants were M. O. Menard, wife and child. Menard and the child were killed and Mrs. Menard fatally injured.

Texas fever has broken out among the cattle in the northern part of Vermilion county, Illinois. It was introduced by Texas cattle sent there to feed.

Thomas Kane, of Abingdon, Illinois, fired three shots at his wife on the evening of the 3d, and she fell. Thinking he had killed her, he committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. At North Grosvenordale, Connecticut, on the 4th, a young Swede named Nelson kicked a boy named Anderson so brutally as to cause his death in a short time. They quarreled over penny matching. On the evening of the 4th a number of drunken men raised a disturbance at Marianna, Arkansas. Marshal Ford arrested one of their number, and while on his way to jail, the crowd attempted to rescue the prisoner. Pistol shots were exchanged and one of the rioters was killed.

A car was thrown from the track on the Erie Railway, about five miles from Avon, on the 4th, by the breaking of a wheel. It contained six men and several trotting horses. The men were all badly bruised, and Thomas Whitson, a noted groom, was killed. The horse, "Henry H.," valued at \$3000, was fatally injured. "St. Jacob" and "Lida K." badly injured. The horses were on the way from Hornellsville to Rochester.

Great excitement has been caused at Geneva and Batavia, Illinois, by the depredations of a pader, supposed to have escaped from some menagerie. Thus far it has killed about a dozen dogs and two cows, and has exhausted several bodies from a cemetery. Hunting parties are after it.

In January 1886, Richard Turbett, Abram McCahan and Amos Baldwin, employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad, lost their lives by the destruction of the railroad bridge at Duncannon. Suits were begun and a settlement was effected on the 5th. Mrs. Baldwin received \$4500; Mrs. McCahan \$4000, and Mrs. Turbett, \$1500, in addition to \$400 she received a year ago. The men were employed on a freight train, and while it was crossing a bridge it went down, caused by a heavy flood in Sherman creek.

Sheriff Owens attempted to arrest four desperadoes at Holbrook, Apache county, Arizona, on the evening of the 4th. He was fired upon and returned the fire, killing Andrew Cooper, and a half-brother, named Samuel Blevins, and wounding John Blevins and Moses B. Roberts, the latter mortally. A telegram from Syracuse, New York, says the mystery attending the murder of Mrs. Asa Stone has been dispelled by the confession of Edward Sheldon, a nineteen-year-old tramp, held on suspicion. He says he went to her house and asked for food. She refused it and stepped towards him. He stopped her; she struck him in the face; he knocked her down with a club, and, to stop her screaming, choked her to death. He threw her body into the cellar.

The business portion of Calico, a village in Southern California, was burned on the evening of the 4th. Loss between \$75,000 and \$100,000. The large heading factory of Frank & Adams, at the crossing of the Bee Line and Pan Handle Railroad, in Anderson, Indiana, was burned on the evening of the 5th. In addition to the factory two acres of heading and staves and three cars loaded with heading bolts were consumed. The residence of Thomas Trueblood was also burned. Loss, \$25,000; insurance, \$20,000. Trains on the Bee Line were delayed ten hours.

A despatch from Chattanooga, Tennessee, says that several years ago Marsh L. Polk robbed the State Treasury of several hundred thousand dollars while serving as State Treasurer. He was arrested and in a short time he was reported to have died. His body was shipped from Nashville to Bolivar, Tennessee, where it was buried. A Mr. Gamble, a prominent citizen of Anniston, Tennessee, has just returned home from an extended

visit in the City of Mexico, and says that while there he met Polk and talked with him, and found that he was in business there.

Martin Ryerson, the Chicago millionaire lumberman, died suddenly in Boston on the 6th of neuralgia of the heart. Dr. George B. Walker, a well-known physician, died at his home in Evansville, Indiana, on the 6th, from the effects of a surgical operation. He was in the 80th year of his age, and had practiced for fifty-two years. Rev. Alvin Woods, D. D., died at his home in Providence, Rhode Island, on the 6th, aged 94 years. He graduated from Phillips' Academy, Andover and Harvard, and was ordained in 1821. H. F. Williams, President of the First National Bank of Northampton, Massachusetts, died on the 6th of consumption.

Mrs. Charlotte P. Woodward, 67 years of age, committed suicide in Syracuse, New York, on the 6th, by taking rat poison. She was despondent over the dissipation of her husband and son. A despatch from Los Angeles, California, says the body of Rev. John Alonzo Fisher has been found. He committed suicide. "Morosness, caused by the failure of some of his plans, led to the deed." He was formerly a professor in Johns Hopkins University. Robert J. Ruth, a fertilizer merchant of New York, committed suicide in Baltimore on the 6th, by taking laudanum. He was 50 years old. He left specific instructions about the disposition of his body.

Philip Schemm, in jail at Louisville, for drunkenness, committed suicide on the morning of the 5th by cutting his throat and the main artery of his left arm with a tin bucket in which soup had been sent to him.

A despatch from Toledo, Ohio, says the tornado which visited that section on the 6th originated in Southern Michigan. It first struck the village of Sylvania, blowing down two gas well derricks and wrenching a boiler from its brick foundation. One farmer had fifty acres of fine timber blown down. A brick school house at Michie was destroyed. The track of the tornado was south by east along the line of the Toledo and Ohio Central Railroad, and was from one to two hundred yards wide. No fences or tall trees are standing. Corn is scattered and houses and barns are unroofed for miles. A severe storm passed over Worcester, Otsego county, New York, on the 7th. Amos Cornell was lifted off his feet by the wind, thrown against a barrel twenty-five feet distant and killed. Two other men were severely injured, and four houses and barns were destroyed. The crops were also damaged. On the afternoon of the 7th a tornado visited Binghamton, New York. It lasted only a short time, but trees and chimneys were blown down in all parts of the city. A rain and hail storm was experienced at Saratoga Springs on the afternoon of the 7th, and considerable damage resulted.

Richard Hensler perished by a fire in a boarding house in Tonawanda, New York, early on the morning of the 7th. Several other boarders were injured by jumping from windows. A fire started at Paterson, New Jersey, on the morning of the 7th, in Jackson's silk mill, occupying part of the Grant Locomotive Works building, and soon extended to the latter. Nothing remains of the Grant Works except the erecting shop, the foundry and part of the new machine shop. The loss on the silk mill is \$15,000, and 120 hands are thrown out of employment there. The loss on the locomotive works is estimated at \$150,000, and the number of hands thrown out of work is 600. A fire in Rawson, Ohio, on the 6th, destroyed 35 houses, a grain elevator and a number of stables, causing a loss estimated at \$75,000. The Lake Erie and Western track was so badly damaged that traffic was delayed. Rawson is a town of about 1000 inhabitants. A fire in the engine house of the Barren Fork Coal Company, near Somerset, Kentucky, on the morning of the 7th, destroyed the costly machinery used in mining. The loss is estimated at over \$100,000.

In Buffalo, on the morning of the 7th, Alois Proell, 60 years of age, attempted to murder his wife while she was asleep. He struck her several blows on the head and inflicted injuries which make her recovery doubtful. Supposing he had killed her, he gave himself up to the police. A few days ago she had him arrested on a charge of assaulting their daughter, and he claimed that there was a conspiracy against him. While Manhall Eastray was at work at a saw mill in St. Helena Parish, Louisiana, on the 6th, two men, named Swearingen and Newman, approached and the former said they had come from Mississippi to kill Eastray. At the same time he discharged both barrels of a gun into Eastray's body. Eastray ran into the mill, procured a gun and killed Swearingen on the spot. Newman then fired at Eastray, but missed him, and was pursued by Eastray until the latter fell dead.

An attempt was made on the morning of the 7th, to wreck the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul train, conveying the Burr Robbins circus from Scotland to Yankton, Dakota. Old rails and telegraph poles were placed across the track, but, as the train was moving slowly, the engineer saw the obstruction in time to stop.

A "natural gas jubilee" was held in Toledo, Ohio, on the evening of the 7th, to celebrate the arrival of the new fuel in Toledo from wells in Hancock and Wood counties. A stand pipe was erected on each of the principal street corners, and each gave out "a roaring torch of flame as big as a haystack, burning under a pressure of 300 pounds to the square inch." The illumination making the city "as light as day." An open air meeting was held at which fifteen thousand people were present. Mayor Hamilton presided, and speeches were made by ex-President Hayes and General James A. Ashley.

During a steepchase at Niagara Falls, on the 7th, Lucy Lightfoot stumbled and fell on her jockey, Warder, injuring him so badly that he died the same night.

George Godin was killed and four others were severely injured by a railroad accident near Bathurst, New Brunswick, on the 6th. Two passenger trains on the Wisconsin Central Railroad collided at Schleisingerville, Wisconsin, on the 7th, wrecking a locomotive and two coaches. The infant child of Mrs. John Past, of Granville, was dangerously injured.

The State Live Stock Commissioners of Illinois have discovered that the Texas Fever is rapidly killing off cattle in the southern section of Chicago. Professor Law believes that the shipping of Texas cattle to the North and East during the warm months "should be prohibited by the Government and by all the State authorities."

Thirty-three cows belonging to John Clay, a milkman in Baltimore county, Maryland, affected with pleuropneumonia, were killed and buried on the 6th. The State paid \$15 per head for them.

A heavy storm set in at Cheboygan, Michigan, on the evening of the 6th, and continued until the 7th. Trees were uprooted and the smoke stacks of several mills were overturned and other damage done. A large fleet of vessels are anchored in the harbor for shelter. No wrecks were reported.

Nicholas Kuebele, 25 years old, shot and fatally wounded Henry Becker, aged 70 years, in Shenandoah, Pa., on the 8th. Kuebele had been paying unwelcome attention to Becker's daughter, and was ordered out of the house. Refusing to go, a scuffle ensued, during which the old man was shot. In Omaha, on the 8th, Jacob Albice fatally wounded his wife and then shot himself dead. Jealousy was the cause. James Sadtler was killed by Joseph Werts, in Newberry county, South Carolina, on the 8th. "Sadtler had threatened to kill Werts on sight, but the latter got the drop on his antagonist and shot him dead in the road."

Twelve hundred sheep were drowned a few days ago by a water-spout on Careless Creek, in Meagre county, Montana.

Henry Esmond, charged with mail robbery, and Edward Powers, charged with murder, escaped from the United States wing of the prison in Sioux Falls, Dakota, on the evening of the 7th. They threw a blank over the head of a deputy warden who came to lock them up, gagged and bound him and fled with \$30 and two Winchester rifles.

A severe thunder storm passed over Lancaster and Chester counties, Pennsylvania, on the afternoon of the 7th. In Lancaster county the barns of John Eaby, in Salisbury township, and Amos Hook, in Millersville, were destroyed by lightning, with their contents. Four horses and a mule in George Mann's stable, at Manor, were killed. At Bart, the public school house was struck, and the teacher and thirteen pupils were stunned. In Chester county, the house of Kersey Rogers, in East Goshen township, was hit by lightning and destroyed, with the furniture. Mr. and Mrs. Rogers and two children were stunned, and Mrs. Rogers was also injured by the pendulum of a clock striking her on the head. The Watersport Mountain Hotel, at Bethel, Maine, was fired by lightning on the evening of the 6th and destroyed. Most of the furniture was saved. John P. Saunders was killed by lightning, in Rowley, Massachusetts, on the evening of the 7th.

An attempt was made to set fire to an Italian tenement house in Brooklyn on the morning of the 8th. Kerosene was poured in the hallway and lighted. A policeman discovered the fire and extinguished it.

N. Decker, living in Elba, Minnesota, sold a farm some weeks ago, receiving \$2,000 for it, which he kept secreted in his residence, thinking the bank unsafe. On the 7th, Mr. Decker being absent, his wife went to spring for water, some ten minutes' walk from the dwelling, leaving a six-months-old child in the house. Upon returning she found the house in flames and the money gone. She barely escaped with the child. The building and contents were destroyed and there was no insurance.

Chaplain Drum, of Castle Garden, New York, on the 8th, received a telegram from Rev. Mr. Danner, of New Brighton, Penna., requesting him, if possible, to detain Mrs. Barnes, one of 400 Mormons who arrived on the steamer Wisconsin on the 7th, and prevent her from going to Salt Lake City. The request was made at the instance of a daughter of Mrs. Barnes, who lives in New Brighton. It is said Mrs. Barnes, who is accompanied by her second husband, desires to go to her daughter, but her husband will not consent.

Dr. D. A. Tait, of Philadelphia, and Miss Minnie Buechle, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, were to have been married on the 8th. Dr. Tait and a number of his friends arrived at Pottsville on the evening of the 7th, and found Miss Buechle ill. She died on the morning of the 8th after an illness of less than two days.

The Hotel Arlington, at Saegertown, Pennsylvania, erected last spring at a cost of \$25,000, was destroyed by fire on the morning of the 8th. The guests, 25 in number, barely escaped, saving nothing. The furniture, valued at \$7000, was insured. A despatch from Koeher, Michigan, says that nearly every lumber camp in that part of the State has been burned. On the 8th a strip of country three miles wide by ten long was burned over. On the 8th a heavy storm scattered the fires. Full particulars of the fire at Newburgh, Ontario, on the 7th, show that nearly fifty families are left without shelter; that not a business man escaped the conflagration, and that only two or three carried any insurance, and these only for small amounts.

Thomas Crowe, Thomas Kelly and another man named Walters were buried alive on the evening of the 9th, in the new aqueduct at North Yonkers, New York, by a cave-in of earth. They are under one hundred and twenty feet of earth, and there is no hope of rescuing them alive.

The shops of the Chicago, St. Paul and Milwaukee Railroad, at Yankton, Dakota, were burned on the evening of the 8th. Loss, \$60,000, insured. Fire, on the morning of the 9th, destroyed the Roaring Springs Bank Book Factory building and a wagon factory, at Roaring Springs, Pa. Several dwellings were damaged. Loss, \$35,000. A fire in Nashville, Tennessee, on the morning of the 9th, destroyed Timothy Brothers' dry goods store, causing a loss of \$30,000, and damaged the adjoining hardware store of Macy & Co. to the extent of several thousand dollars. A fire was raging on the 9th near Meadow Lawn, about 15 miles from Louisville, Kentucky, and many acres of pine timber have been destroyed. The farmers are obliged to stand idly by and see their possessions swept away on the account of the scarcity of water, there being hardly enough water for the stock on their places. The fires extended for a distance of about three miles square. The Erie Railroad station, Fulton & Board's brick mill, two dwellings, a store and a blacksmith shop were burned at Washingtonville, New York, on the evening of the 8th. Loss, \$25,000.

Matthias E. Hermise shot himself with suicidal intent in Newark, New Jersey, on the morning of the 10th, because he was peculiarly embarrassed. He is not expected to recover. John Stetson was struck with a hatchet by Joseph Speir and dangerously, if not fatally, injured, in a quarrel about drinks, at Summit, New Jersey, on the evening of the 8th. At Schenectady, on the 9th, Frederick Knights, aged 35 years, shot and fatally wounded Miss Ida Wallace, whom he met in a restaurant. Knight's wife died in the almshouse a few months ago, after having separated from him on account of his intimacy with the Wallace woman. While drunk, on the 9th, Richard Hanley, a laborer, 45 years old, living with his family in a tenement house in New York, attacked his wife and Mrs. Margaret Clair, a visitor, and then set fire to the building. The fire was extinguished, and, during the attempt to arrest Hanley, he was shot in the wrist. Mrs. Hanley's recovery is doubtful. Mrs. Clair's wounds are not serious.

Jockey West, who was injured on the race track at Saratoga last month, died on the 9th. Charles H. Kinserhoff, of New York, 45 years of age, walked off the platform of a car on the Rockaway Railroad into Jamaica Bay on the evening of the 8th, and was drowned. Farmer Lyman, a resident of the southern part of Downer's Grove township, Illinois, was gored to death by a bull on the 8th. A despatch from Oswego, New York, says Patrick F. Callahan, a member of Company C, 11th U. S. Infantry, stationed at Fort Ontario, was drowned in the lake on the evening of the 8th, by the upsetting of a boat. Two others were rescued by the life crew.

Bird Legends.

Folowing are a few of the many bird legends that people with bright imaginations and ready inventions have connected with feathered musicians.

The poor cuckoo, whose mournful cry sounds so desolate in the quiet wood, is always mourning for the death of a beloved brother. The cuckoo was originally a beautiful young maiden. She caused her brother's death unintentionally, and was changed into the bird whose sad cry is an expression of her bitter grief.

The owl was also once a beautiful young girl. She was a baker's daughter. One day a good man, passing by, asked for a piece of bread. She refused it, and as a punishment was changed into an owl. In Germany the swallow and the lark are sacred birds, and their morning song is considered a hymn.

The nightingale, you know, only sings at night. This was not so formerly. One night a nightingale fell fast asleep, and the tendrils of the vine it sat upon grew round its feet, so that it could not get away, and finally it died. Since then the other nightingales never dared sleep at night.

Gypsy Women at Dinner.

Both were sun bronzed, and both wore coral earrings, and their sun-bonnets were back side in front. One was seated in a barrow; the other was squatting on a wisp of hay, by the side of a recumbent donkey, whose four legs hedged her in. She had utilized the flanks of the docile creature to serve as a dinner table. Bread and butter was spread on it, and about a quarter of a peck of turnip radishes. There was a bald, shiny patch on the donkey's hip, set round with hair, and this was made to contain salt. Every time his mistress dipped a radish into this extemporized salt cellar, and proceeded to "scrunch" it, there was an expression in the animal's half closed eyes that betrayed his consciousness of her enjoyment, and the satisfaction it afforded him.

THE MARKETS.

PROVISIONS.

Beef city fam bl.	80	9 00
Hams	10	40
Port Mena	16	60
Prime Mena	18	80
Sides smoked	16	16
Shoulders smoked	16	16
Do in salt	16	16
Smoked Beef	14	16
Lard Western	14	12 1/2
Lard loose	14	12

FLOUR.

West. and Pa. sup.	2 50	2 75
Pa. Family	2 50	2 75
Min. Chas.	3 50	4 15
Pat. W. W.	4 25	4 45
Rye Flour	2 00	2 15

GRAIN.

Wheat No. 1 red	46	66
Rye	46	66
Corn	46	66
No. 2	46	66
Do. No. 1 White	46	66
No. 2 Mixed	46	66

FISH.

Mackerel, Large	16	66
No. 2 Shore	16	66
Herring, Lab.	16	66

GRAIN.

Powdered	6 10	6 15
Granulated	6 10	6 15
Crushed	6 10	6 15

HAY AND STRAW.

Timothy, choice	15	16
Mix.	15	16
No. 2	15	16
Cut Hay	15	16
Rye straw	15	16
Wheat straw	15	16

WOOL.

Ohio, Penna. and W. Va. Fleeced XX	30	34
Common	30	34
Unwashed medium	30	34

She Knew it Then.

It was a frontier post, six companies, Colonel in command and Mrs. Colonel in command of him; the boys called her "The General." But Miss Mary, the Colonel's daughter, all thought was the loveliest creature on earth. Frank Moore, Post Adjutant, a noble fellow, proposed and was refused. Then came young Vancamp, just graduated from "the Point," with no end of ducats in the bank and his family, and he made fierce love to Miss Mary. The General backed him for all she was worth, and Mary did not dislike the lively, good looking and very rich youngster, while she was somewhat in awe of quiet, stern Moore.

One evening, after dusk, the adjutant walked up towards the Colonel's house. When within six feet of the porch, he quickly came to a "right about" and made his way back to his office. Ten minutes after, the corporal of the guard appeared at the door; with him, on a reeking, blown horse, was a ranchman. There was news to tell, the Reds were out, two families had been butchered, their homes burned, and stock carried away.

Moore again went to the chief's quarters, and entered, passing Miss Mary and Vancamp, seated very close together. The veteran was confined to his chair by old wounds. Frank made his report and received his orders. "If you have no objection, sir," he said, "I should like to go with my troop; office work is rather wearing, and I feel sort of rusty."

"Certainly, my boy, certainly. It will do you good. You have looked rather seedy the last while past. I'd go myself if I could. Give them Hail Columbia, Moore, but take care of yourself. I can't get such an adjutant every day."

"I think the trip would do you much good, Mr. Moore," spoke up the General. "A good riddance of bad rubbish," she said, under her breath.

"Thank you, sir, I'll attend to all details and we'll start at once," and he hurried out, pausing only to say "Good-by" to Miss Mary, to hold her hand a moment in his, and to look into her eyes with a deep steady gaze that made her blush and caused her heart to beat tumultuously. Then there were the calls, the orders, the hasty issuing of rations, "boots and saddles," and in half an hour they were off.

Vancamp did not go; fifteen minutes before the news arrived, he had been accepted by Mary. He told her he would resign, and pictured in glowing language the grandeur and pleasure of the life they were to lead.

The General was in heaven; the old Colonel growled a little, but was not ill pleased. He had hoped Moore would win his girl; he did not know that his favorite had tried and failed.

Three days after came a courier, late one evening. A report from the captain commanding the expedition, told how they had one brush with the foe and were now driving them. All was well, except that Lieutenant Moore had been shot in the lung, and he was sent back with the courier.

"Too bad, too bad," cried the Colonel. "The best of the lot, I thought not to have let him go."

"Where is Mr. Moore? Have him brought here," he said to the tired, dusty trooper who stood before him.

"The Lieutenant is at McCarthy's ranch, sir, twelve miles up South Fork. He took to bleeding so, and got so weak he could not sit on his horse. I had to hold him on for five miles before we got there. He seemed determined to reach here with me, but he just couldn't do so. I left him there abed and insensible, but they're kind folks there, sir, and the women will do what they can."

Just then the General and Miss Mary entered the room. The trooper stepped toward the young lady and saluted.

"Beg pardon, Colonel, and madam, and miss; but the Lieutenant, when we started back, wrote these few lines and told me, in case he could not reach her, or died on the way, I was to take them from his pocketbook and give them to you;" and the soldier took from his breast a folded paper—a leaf torn from a note-book—and handed it to the astonished, frightened girl.

She opened it and read:

"Mary, I have been badly hurt. It is a long hard ride back. I may die of the wound or of hemorrhage. You will forgive me when I say once more, I love you, and never loved a woman but you. What I saw the evening we started convinced me you have made your choice. He is young, but I think a good fellow. You will be very fortunate; I leave all I have to you—there is no one living belonging to me. Your father has my will, though he does not know its contents. God forever bless you. Good-by."

FRANK MOORE.

The girl dropped the paper and stood, white and still, as a statue. The General pounced upon the scrap, and while she was adjusting her eye-glasses, Mary was hearing from her father and the man such particulars as could be quickly told.

"Where is he? Where did you say he was?" she asked with bated breath.

"At McCarthy's ranch, twelve miles up South Fork, Miss."

"Father!" and she turned to the Colonel with a command of air and speech totally unlike her. "Father, I must have the ambulance."

"Go," she said to the trooper, "tell them to put the best mules to the ambulance, ask Sergeant Major Green to pick out six men for an escort, and not a moment is to be lost!"

"Wh-wh-what! my dear, why Mary?" spluttered the Colonel.

"Hity tizty! what's all this, Miss, are you crazy?" boomed the General.

"It means that I am going to Frank Moore; I'm going to him if I have to walk, and by myself. He's dying, he wants me, I know he wants me; and I'm going to him."

"The girl's crazy, raving crazy! Colonel do you hear her? Why don't you exert your authority. Oh! that I should live to see my child act so. You shan't stir out of this house this night, Miss, if I have to put an armed guard over you."

"I am going to Frank Moore," answered Mary, and she left the room to prepare for her journey.

The General raised a perfect cyclone, but her usually obedient daughter was deaf and dumb to commands, entreaties, arguments, threats, and considerations of what Vancamp might think, say, or do in regard to her actions.

Mary conquered. The General prepared to accompany her, and they were ready when the ambulance drove up, the grizzled old Sergeant Major himself in charge of the escort.

They were soon at McCarthy's.

"I am Mrs. Colonel Martinet," said the General, loftily. "You have one of our officers here, wounded; can I see him?"

"How is he now—how is he?" gasped Mary, and kind Mrs. McCarthy looked close at her.

"Deed an' I do think he's better some. I wudn't a-give two chips fur his loif win they carried him, bud I'm a good nurse, though I say it as shudn't, an' a bit ov a dochter beside, an' I've got him aisy loik, an' th' bleedin' stopped an' he come till his cincs."

"Can we see him?"

"Sure one on ye might, ef ye'd not excite him anyway an' jist cheer him up a bit, fur he don't seem 't try an' help himself th' lasts in the world."

A motion toward a door made Mary dart through it before the General had time to rise from her seat. Mrs. McCarthy immediately placed herself in front of the door, and with:

"Only one, mem; I cudn't be ansher-able fur th' gintleman's loif ef I left two weerin in till be talkin' all to waste to him."

The General sat down, speechless with rage and indignation.

Mary entered a large room, and on the bed she saw the outlines of a figure; the single candle gave but little light. She drew near the motionless body, very white and pinched the face looked, surrounded by the heavy beard and thick, black curls. The eyes were closed. One hand was lying outside on the cover. She took it between her own trembling palms.

The man looked up, looked as though he could not believe his senses.

"Mary! Mary! can this be you? Have you really come to see me, or am I dreaming again?" he whispered.

"It is me, Mary, Mr. Moore—Frank! I came because I could not help it. I felt that I must come, must see you. And now I fear I have done very wrong."

"You could never do wrong, Mary," he whispered hoarsely again. "Never, in my eyes. Your kind heart brought you here to comfort me while I died. But what did Vancamp say? Is he with you?"

"You are not going to die, Frank; and Mr. Vancamp knows nothing of my coming."

"But you have accepted him? I saw you on the porch the night we left the post. I turned at once away, but I saw him kiss your hand and you permitted it."

"Yes, that is true," said Mary, with a deep blush. "I did accept him—I didn't know. Oh! that's impossible now; it can never, never be."

"Mary, tell me what you mean," gasped the prostrate man in an agony.

"I mean," she replied in a kind of desperation, "that no power on earth or amount of fortune could make me marry Mr. Vancamp. I did not know until I got your note and heard that you were wounded—dying. I did not know; but I knew then that such a marriage could not be."

"Why, Mary? Come here, and tell me why."

"Because, Frank, because—oh! you must know," and she hid her face on the pillow beside his own.

Frank got well.

Vancamp resigned and got out.

The General got hysterics and no satisfaction.

The noble old Colonel got the son-in-law he wanted.

Defending the Coquette.

Why is the coquette condemned? She is an amiable being, her mission is to please.

There is nothing small about her. She does no business at retail. She distributes pleasure at wholesale, while her mischief is disposed of in job lots.

She is the enlivening element amid the heavy formalities of society. She stirs up the froth where otherwise 'would be a solid omelet that is served up to you.

'Tis the coquette that provides all the amusement, suggests the riding party, plans the picnic, gives dash in the private theatricals.

She is the soul of the house, the salt of the banquet; the subtle power of her personal presence is felt rather than defined everywhere.

She is a blessing to the community at large when she employs her time removing the glaring self-complacency of the average young man.

The man who has become possessed of the opinion that a woman dare not jilt him becomes, sometimes a useful citizen through the coquette's ministrations.

How could society dispose of that pampered son of fortune, possessing a dashing tally ho, unlimited ice-cream assets and superabundant sentiment in his composition, if the coquette did not take him under her wing for a season?

Ah, for the pleasures of life the coquette is only too rare.

It is not every one who possesses the ability for such a career. It requires great energy, infinite tact, and a gay and airy spirit.

Some one attempted to be facetious when he said a coquette was a rose from which every admirer plucked a leaf leaving only the thorns for her husband, but history teaches the reverse.

The coquette often makes a model wife; her experience gives her a great knowledge of men. She knows their weaknesses thoroughly and it enables her to adopt herself to all her husband's foibles and hoodwink him into accepting her own without him discovering he is doing so.

But then if you do not like the coquette you will have no difficulty in finding a male companion of the same mind as yourself.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Woman's Opportunity.

"So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them."—Gen. 1:27.

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work, and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the

EMPIRE FEMININE.

So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with your stereotyped remark, the man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on you my desk the swarthy, iron-tipped, thunderbolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come on with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McClellan, the Scotchman, and John Sumner, the Methodist, and Henry Martin, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it two hemispheres, there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres, while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm, and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say, "This is the line, and that is the line."

MY THEORY

is, that if woman wants to vote, she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to be allowed to be a man and keep house, he ought to be allowed to be a man and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is, that you have no right to interfere with any one's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown-thrasher should fly, or how deep a trout should plunge, as to try to seek out the height or the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither Conference nor Presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the Exchange, and no Boards of Trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of capacity. I know there are

WOMAN OF MOST UNDESIRABLE NATURE,

who wander up and down the country—having no homes of their own, or forsaking their own homes—talking about their rights; and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote, nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I shall show you this morning that the best rights that women can own, she already has in her possession; that

HER POSITION

in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot-box and the Congressional assemblage and the Legislative hall.

Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the principles she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station, who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as women exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot-box, and you drop your vote. Right after you comes a liberator or a sot—the offscouring of the street—and he drops his vote; and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throbb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety then is, not that woman have other rights accorded her; but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the

GLORIOUS RIGHTS

she already possesses. This morning I

shall only have time to speak of one grand and all-absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they carry a comparatively little while; but she, all day long, governs it; beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do, that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gouging. Underselling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold-fidgity. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips, tumbles, defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. Oh woman! Thank God you have a home, and that you

MAY BE QUEEN

in it. Better be there than wear Victoria's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can by your faith in God, and cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. There are abodes in the city—humble, two stories, four plain papered rooms; undesirable neighborhood; and yet there is a man here this morning who would die on the threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is a home. Whenever he thinks of it, he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of heaven are let down to this house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels, as those that broke over Bethlehem.

IT IS HOME.

These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence; but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof, under which their father rested, and their mother sang, and all their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and re-unions, all filial, fraternal, paternal, and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes, and trembling voice, and agitated hand, write it out in these four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire; but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence, eternity never makes any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne, pursued by the nation's anathema; but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principality.

When you want to get your grandest

IDEA OF A QUEEN,

you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Marie Therese of Germany; but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked out with him arm-in-arm down life's pathways; sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning-wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long, and which she joined together in a dying prayer that commended you to God whom she had taught you to trust—O, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her; and as she went in, all heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap; and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it, you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother! mother!" Ah, she was the queen—

SHE WAS THE QUEEN.

Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot-box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens, the reversal of natural tendencies. For example, we have in the male wards fine collections of potted plants and climbing vines, which grow so luxuriantly that they curtain the windows. The men tend these carefully, pluck away the dead leaves, stir up the dirt in the pots, prune the vines, keep them carefully watered, and in divers other ways manifest the tenderest watchfulness. Not so with the women. Every attempt to introduce plants and vines as a feature of the female wards, save in the cottage where the mildest cases are confined, has proved a flat failure. The women pull out the plants by the roots, tear down the vines and manifest other destructive tendencies entirely at variance with nature of the sex in general.

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched, and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth, Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold

wind from the Jordan, and you must start. *Woe it be a lone woman on a trackless moor?* Ah! no, Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say: "You stood by Me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand, and the storm will drop; and another wave of His hand, and midnight shall break into midnoon; and another wave of His hand, and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, blood-washed, and heaven-glinted, in which you will array yourself for the marriage-supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel by the Red Sea; and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight; and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord; and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air; and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle-wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I laid down on the lounge to rest; and, half asleep and half awake,

I SEEMED TO DREAM

this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far-distant land—not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy—although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said: "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When will they put on workingman's garb again, and delve in the mine, and swelter at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off.

And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles, and towns, and battlements; but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship?" where are the benches on which they sit? And a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute; and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear.

I was bewildered; and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said: "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping on the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step, I knew, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them; but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I loved, a stranger to strangers. But after a while, when they clapped their hands, and shouted,

"WELCOME! WELCOME!"

the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed, and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home; and I said: "Are all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh, and sing, and leap, and shout, "Home! Home! Home!"

The Sultan's Harem.

The harem consists of about one hundred women and girls. They are variously bestowed in the palace. As a sign of their belonging to the sultan, harem they wear a round of red cloth with a small blue tassel hanging from it at the back of the head. It is the symbol of subjection like the fez of an Ottoman. From the observation made of this harem, it is certain that its inmates are kindly cared for, not merely in the every day repasts, but in the amusements which they improvise.

The visitor at Constantinople who goes on Friday noon to see the Sultan enter the mosque at prayers may, if he keeps his eyes alert, notice many servants bearing circular wooden trays going to or coming from the Palace Yildiz. These trays are covered by a thin leather cap, and the whole tied up in a woolen cloth. They are borne upon the head of some stout servant. From them are furnished the meals of those who depend upon the Sultan or are connected with him by blood. The viands are delicate, and the Sultana receives her share of them from the imperial kitchen at Dolma Barche. As the journey of the dishes is sometimes many miles, the viands are not always in the best condition when they arrive.

Another observation about this quasi imperial harem—the Pasha who married this Sultana is never allowed to see the younger slaves of the harem. They scatter like a convoy of quail on the appearance of a hunter. So, too, when the Sultana's brother arrives. When the Sultan himself comes no concealment is necessary. He has the supreme right of gazing at any of his subjects.

One Peculiarity of the Insane.

"One of the peculiar freaks of insanity," said Keeper Henry Most, of the Erie County Almshouse, "is the seeming reversal of natural tendencies. For example, we have in the male wards fine collections of potted plants and climbing vines, which grow so luxuriantly that they curtain the windows. The men tend these carefully, pluck away the dead leaves, stir up the dirt in the pots, prune the vines, keep them carefully watered, and in divers other ways manifest the tenderest watchfulness. Not so with the women. Every attempt to introduce plants and vines as a feature of the female wards, save in the cottage where the mildest cases are confined, has proved a flat failure. The women pull out the plants by the roots, tear down the vines and manifest other destructive tendencies entirely at variance with nature of the sex in general."

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 15, 1887.

Solemn Warnings.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 7:13-29. Memory verses, 13, 14.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the King in Zion.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion.—Psa. 2:6.*

LESSON TOPIC: *Preparation to Meet the King.*

LESSON 2. Do God's Will, vs. 21-23. Outline: (1) Do Wise Builders, vs. 24-29.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.—Matt. 7:19.*

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 7:13-29. Preparation to meet the King.

T.—Luke 6:43-49. Luke's version of the lesson.

W.—Isa. 28:1-16. The sure foundation.

T.—Matt. 16:1-18. Christ's church founded.

F.—Eph. 2:1-22. The growing temple.

S.—1 Pet. 2:1-12. Living stones.

S.—1 Cor. 3:1-23. The building tested.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. BEWARE OF ERROR.

I. In the Choice of a Way:

Enter ye in by the narrow gate (13).

The way of the wicked is as darkness (Prov. 4:19).

An high way shall be there, called the way of holiness (Isa. 35:8).

Ask for the old paths, where is the good way (Jer. 6:16).

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way (John 14:6).

II. In the Acceptance of a Teacher:

Beware of false prophets (15).

Master, thou...teachest the way of God in truth (Matt. 22:16).

There shall arise false Christs and false prophets (Mark 13:22).

Let no man deceive you with empty words (Eph. 5:6).

Believe not every spirit, but prove the spirits (1 John 4:1).

III. In the Evidence of a Preparation:

By their fruits shall ye know them (20).

The tree is known by its fruit (Matt. 12:33).

The good man...bringeth forth that which is good (Luke 6:45).

If any man hath not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his (Rom. 8:9).

He that loveth not knoweth not God (1 John 4:8).

1. "Enter ye in by the narrow gate."

(1) A designated gate; (2) An appointed duty; (3) An assured destiny.

2. "Beware of false prophets." (1)

Lest they gain your attention; (2)

Lest they secure your allegiance; (3)

Lest they destroy your soul.

3. "By their fruits ye shall know them." (1)

Character controls conduct; (2) Conduct evidences character.

II. DO GOD'S WILL.

I. Lip Service Insufficient:

Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter (21).

With their lips do honor me, but have removed their heart (Isa. 29:13).

Lord, Lord, open unto us...I know you not (Matt. 25:11, 12).

Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? (Luke 6:46).

With the heart man believeth...with the mouth confession is made (Rom. 10:10).

II. Mighty Works Insufficient:

Did we not...by thy name do many mighty works? (22).

Shall we show signs and wonders, that they may lead astray (Mark 13:22).

Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye (Acts 19:15).

If I...remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing (1 Cor. 13:2).

He doeth great signs...in the sight of men (Rev. 13:13).

III. Holy Obedience Essential:

He that doeth the will of my father (21).

Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it (Luke 11:28).

Not the hearers of a law are just before God, but the doers (Rom. 2:13).

Not hearers only, but the whole tied up in a woolen cloth. They are borne upon the head of some stout servant.

From them are furnished the meals of those who depend upon the Sultan or are connected with him by blood.

The viands are delicate, and the Sultana receives her share of them from the imperial kitchen at Dolma Barche.

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Character controls conduct; (2) Conduct evidences character.

Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command (John 15:14).

1. "Shall be likened unto a wise man."

(1) Broad in his outlook; (2) Prudent in his action; (3) Blessed in his outcome; (4) Laudable in his example.

2. "Built his house upon the rock."

(1) Every man a builder; (2) Every character a structure; (3) Every truth a rock.—(1) Two builders;

(2) Two foundations; (3) Two buildings; (4) Two results.

3. "He taught them as one having authority."

(1) How Christ taught; (2) What Christ taught.—Jesus as a teacher; (1) His pupils; (2) His lessons; (3) His purposes; (4) His successes.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

FOUNDATIONS.

The basal structure (Luke

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

CENTRE HALL, PA., September 15, 1887.

TERMS:—One year, \$1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. Advertisements 20 cents per line for 8 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

—G|O|D A|D|V|I|C|E|—

—O—O—O—O—O—

KEEP COOL!

and buy at
Bartholomews' Store,

Cheapest Store in Centre County.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Sunday and Monday, more rain.
—Mrs. Wm. Lohr is not recovering much from her illness.
—John Booser, of Ocoala is here on a visit to his former home.
—Robert Valentine and family, of Bellefonte, are now in Munich, Bavaria.
—Mrs. Wm. Love, widow of John Love, who has been quite ill for some weeks, is very low.
—The Watchman says that the late Judge Hoy had insurance on his life to the amount of \$25,000.
—On account of rain on Sunday evening no services were held in the Lutheran church at this place.
—Dr. Davis, of Milton, surgeon of the 148, and J. G. Kurtz, of Milton, quartermaster of the 148, were at the Coburn reunion.
—Mr. Geo. P. Garver and family, who visited relatives at this place last Monday morning for their home in Philadelphia.
—It is reported that the proprietors of the ax manufactory at Bellefonte propose to remove their establishment to McKeesport.

—Pretty near all, yes, all, agree that the woods, near the station, is the best and most suitable for a permanent picnic ground, or other large gatherings.
—The Mt. Bethel Reformed Church in Nittany Valley, which has been remodeled during the summer, will be rededicated on Sunday, September 25th.
—There is complaint that some Centre Hall boys did not behave well at the Tusseyville festival. Boys, look out, else you may be elected to the town council.
—Charles D. Runkle, of Centre Hall, this county, and Joseph Sunderlain, of Three Runs, Clearfield county, have been made rejoice by having their names placed upon the pension rolls.

—The Union county fair, the Milton fair, Centre Co. Patrons' picnic, State Fair and the Constitutional Centennial are the next attractions in order, for such as have the stamps to spare.
—Sportsmen who want to fill game-bags with the least possible expenditure of powder, will be interested in Charles Ledyard Norton's illustrated description of "A Pot-Hunter's Paradise," to appear in The American Magazine for October.
—Landlord D. J. Meyer had offered the Grange committee \$500 for the sole control of the picnic ground, so far as boardinghouse, huckster, and similar privileges are concerned; the offer was not accepted.

—Prof. A. L. Little, of Bedford, who has been engaged to take charge of our grammar school, expects to arrive at this place on Friday or Saturday of this week and will be ready for the opening of the schools on Monday morning 19.

—The Gazette's Fiedler has been engaged by an organ grinder to act as monkey for him at the grange picnic. The Chinese laundry has also the refusal of Fiedler's nose for a clothes line. The fellow may get into biz after all yet, even if he don't get into notoriety. Go it bed-bugs.

—Mr. George O. Boal and Miss Jennie M. Gehret were wedded at 7 o'clock on Thursday evening at the bride's home on "Spring street." Rev. Wm. Laurie officiated. The bride is a bright, accomplished lady and was a teacher during several years in the Bellefonte Academy.

—"Judge Rhoads" likes to sit in the shade—we have a nice Grove ready for him.—Centre Hall Reporter. Yes, but instead of in the shade, it will be on—the Grove, you know.—Bellefonte Republican.
Then Rhoads will be distributed by a cyclone sure.

—The party with the flying-horse are said to have taken in \$200 at the Veteran re-union, on Saturday. To have went around for a collection to raise \$50 for some charitable purpose, would have dispersed the crowd like a dynamite bomb and everybody found strapped.

—The Centre Hall water works now have their supply doubled by raising the water in the reservoir. The works are so admirably planned and constructed that there has been no scarcity or trouble for over ten years, and the water rates are among the lowest in the state, with none to excel ours for purity.

—The corn crop is a failure in the west, owing to the ravages of the bugs. There are thousands of acres that will not average more than a peck of corn to the acre.

Well, our western cousins need not fret, there will be lots of corn in the east, enough to make Johnny cakes for the west.

—An exchange says: Sixty years ago a bushel of wheat would buy only two yards of calico or shirting, now it will buy 15 or 20. Then a bushel of ears of corn would buy only a pound of nails, now it will buy ten. Then it took a good cow to buy a pair of factory blankets, now a common cow will pay for six pairs fully as good. Think these things over, farmers, when disposed to wish for "the good old times."

THE SOLDIERS' RE-UNION AT COBURN.

Last Saturday opened cloudy, but soon the clouds broke, the sun began to peep out, and a clear sky and warm day followed for the Veteran re-union at Coburn. The ground was Everett's woods, the old camp meeting ground, about 3/4 mile from the station. The excursion trains brought about 1200, and by carriages and other conveyances and folks on foot there were about 2000 more, on the ground—total of some 3000.

Three or four bands were present, also the Pottery Mills drum corps. The crowd soon gathered in the woods where a stand and seats were erected, and a number of refreshment booths and a merry-go-round.

The meeting was called to order by comrad G. M. Boal, and opened with prayer by Rev. Isaac Heckman.

An address of Welcome was then delivered by Col. Jas. F. Coburn, who alluded to historic events in the war of 1812, some of whose soldiers were still living, and paid a glowing tribute to the valor of the soldiers in our late civil war, and offered a hearty welcome to those who beared their breasts to the leaden hail for the preservation of the Union. Speaking for the assembled masses, he extended a warm welcome to the Veterans. The close of his address was greeted by a round of applause.

Col. D. S. Keller followed in response, and paid a handsome tribute to Pennsylvania's hospitality and thanks for the generous welcome. He briefly cited the history of the formation of the Veteran organization in 1874.

Gov. Beaver and ex-Gov. Curtin, who were to be the orators, were not present—Gov. Beaver on account of other engagements and Gov. Curtin on account of illness.

Maj. R. H. Forster announced a meeting for the 148 boys, to take action for the erection of a battle field memorial monument for that Regiment, at Gettysburg.

Adjournment for dinner was next in order, and the writer was pressed into service for an attack upon the table of Col. Coburn, which was royally fortified with all the substantial and dainties that Mrs. Coburn so well knows how to serve and which were showered in upon us, along with a dozen other drafted guests, by Mrs. Rogers and Miss Huston, ladies of the Coburn household, with such a hearty good will, that we tip our hats unto our host and the ladies aforesaid, in behalf of all around the table, for the magnificent repast, which was a sort of impromptu feast of reason and flow of soul. At 2 p. m. all gathered in front of the stand. The committee on organization for next year, reported in favor of re-electing the old officers and old executive committee.

The committee on next place of meeting reported that Milesburg had been fixed upon for the next re-union.

THE REAPER.

Mrs. Elizabeth Petriken, the widow of the famous lawyer, James M. Petriken, died in Bellefonte a few days ago. Her funeral took place on Monday. The deceased was the mother of Lieutenant Hardman Petriken, one of the bravest soldiers in the union service, who fell at Antietam. Among the pall bearers was Hon. R. Bruce Petriken, of Huntingdon. One daughter, Miss Marion Petriken, survives.

On Sunday, Sept. 4th, 1887, died Mr. Herah Weyle, of Tylersville, aged 86 years and eight months. He came from Germany and settled in this country about 30 years ago. He has left five children behind him.

A FOOLISH LEAP.

On Saturday forenoon, after the excursion train left Centre Hall for Coburn, a fellow who felt good and nimble from too much benzine, took it into his head to jump from the platform of one of the cars, while the train was in motion, and as it was crossing a creek. He landed plump in the water, and afterwards reached the re-union ground at Coburn, seemingly unharmed, as we saw him walking about the ground as any other half tipsy fellow. The chap may want to repeat the feat again, which might prove once too often. Perhaps he is in training for a jump from Brooklyn bridge.

A PIC-NIC GROUND.

The Reporter's allusions, last week, to the woods, a few rods from our station, as a very suitable place for a permanent ground for pic-nics and other large gatherings, has found endorsement with many, and its presenting all the needs for such purposes, if it can be had, strikes all. With little expenditure it can be made a most inviting place for any kind of picnic, especially when crowds are expected by railroad. Private pic-nic parties would gladly pay for its use if necessary stands and platforms were permanently provided. For fairs, reunions, and large political gatherings, it would offer every convenience desired.

LEG BROKEN.

A son of J. S. Carson, farmer, near Bellefonte, had a leg broken, on last Sunday morning, caused by a fall in the orchard. Mr. and Mrs. Carson were at Centre Hall, at the time, on a visit to Mrs. Elizabeth Love, and a half an hour after their arrival here, were summoned home by telephone to the Reporter's office, on account of the accident.

—Hugh Lindsay, of the Huntingdon (Pa.) News, is too modest to dun his subscribers, and draws it thus mildly: There is a little matter that some of our subscribers have seemingly forgotten entirely. Some of them have made us many promises, but have not kept them, while others who owe us considerable have made no promises whatever. To us it is a very important matter, it's necessary in our business. We are very modest, and don't like to speak about it.

—William Curtin, of Bellefonte, accidentally took an over dose of medicine, and has been lying at the Potter House, Philipsburg, in a critical condition since Thursday last. He is now recovering rapidly.

—Subscribe for the Reporter, and pay \$1.50 per year in advance. Try it, at least for the campaign, with four names for 50 cents, and an extra copy for the one getting up the club.

—Fleming the tailor, at Bellefonte, opened up a fine line of goods for fall suits. Keep an eye on what he has to say in regard to suits and prices.

—A heavy rain set in on Sunday afternoon, and quite a chilling one too. The water came down in torrents part of the time. The rain was needed.

—Read Power's advertisement in another column.

THE CULVEY MURDER.

LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN THE MYSTERIOUS CASE.

From the Lock Haven Republican:

A hearing in the cases of Luther Shaffer, John W. Johnson, James Kline and "Esic" Kline was had before Alderman J. W. Harris Tuesday, August 30th. Two o'clock was the time fixed for the hearing but it was nearly three o'clock when the prisoners were taken from the jail and escorted by the officers to the Alderman's office on Water street. Shaffer and James Kline were handcuffed together, while Johnson was handcuffed with "Esic" Kline. Along the route taken from the jail to the Alderman's, and at the street corners, men, women and children were assembled in large numbers, all anxious to obtain a glimpse at the faces of the prisoners.

IDENTIFYING A WATCH.

The robberies with which the prisoners were charged were committed early in the morning of the 6th of August, in the "Narrows" not far from Cherry Run, one man having been robbed not more than half a mile from the home of the murdered Culvey's. H. M. Bressler, Ellis Frantz and William Glantz, all of whom were made to "stand and surrender," testified that Luther Shaffer was the man who had compelled them at the point of a revolver to hand over what money and valuables they had in their possession. A watch which Shaffer had pawned at Renovo was produced and identified by Mr. Ellis Frantz as the one he had surrendered to Shaffer. The testimony was all so conclusive of the guilt of Shaffer and James Kline that Alderman Harris committed them to jail for their appearance at court. Johnson and "Esic" Kline were committed to jail for a further hearing, owing to the absence of two important witnesses.

RELIC HUNTERS.

The deserted home of the murdered Culvey's at Cherry Run, continues to be the scene of the daily raids of the relic hunters, who are curious to see the place and obtain relics. Last Sunday an admission fee of ten cents was charged for each vehicle that was driven through the bars where the road leads to the house. Over one hundred carriages and wagons of various kinds were on the grounds during the day. Among the people present were several photographers. Relic hunters are carrying away everything that it is possible for them to take. Even the nails in the walls of the house were drawn and pocketed as precious mementoes of the place where a most horrible crime was committed.

C. F. Keller, of this city, came home from Cherry Run happy in the possession of the shoes Isaiah Culvey wore at the time of his death and they are now on exhibition at his store on Clinton Avenue. The shoes are a well worn pair of farmer's plow shoes, patched in a number of places, and badly cut to pieces by relic hunters. Mr. John Culvey, the murdered man's father, presented the shoes to Mr. Keller.

LUTHER SHAFFER HELD FOR ROBBERY.

August 30 was the time set for the hearing at Lock Haven of evidence in the cases of Luther Shaffer, John Johnson, James Kline and Esic Kline, charged with murdering the Culvey family.

The prisoners were taken from the jail and conveyed before Alderman Harris. The prisoners, with the exception of Luther Shaffer, were discharged. Shaffer was held for his appearance at court on the charge of robbery. It is expected that further evidence will be unearthed fixing the crime of murder upon Shaffer.

TO BE HELD FOR MURDER.

At the hearing of Luther Shaffer, John Johnson, Esic Kline and James Kline, in Lock Haven on Friday afternoon, enough evidence was obtained to hold all of them for court, on the 20th inst., when they will be tried for the murder of the Culveys at Cherry Run. Thus, there are two charges against them—murder and robbery.

DECIDED NOVELTY IN FENCE BUILDING.

The Monarch is a machine made in Richmond, Ind., and for which Shires & Kennedy, of Centre Hall, Centre Co., Pa. are the sole agents for Pennsylvania and New York, that takes nicely cut strips of old boards or old rails, stands them up, twists a wire about them, and makes the strongest kind of a fence. It will weave wrought iron strips as well as wood, will make a hammock, or make fence out of about anything it is applied to. It was decidedly the grandest invention on the ground, for the purpose intended, and is so admitted by all. Shires & Kennedy are wide awake young men and are just the men to push this thing.

The above is taken from The Practical Farmer and is found under the heading of "Williams Grove Pic-nic."

FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

Tuesday morning's train from here took the following Centennial passengers: Dr. Jacobs, James Smetzer, Mrs. Wm. Wolf, Mrs. Fred Kurtz, Alex. McCoy and daughter Wm. J. The train went on up the road we observed on the train Mr. and Mrs. D. Hess, Mrs. Michael Hess, Col. McFarlane, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Meek, Jas. A. McClain, L. W. Shaffer, and a number of others whose faces we did not catch. Hope they will have an enjoyable time. Centre county will certainly be "abizy" represented. May all have a shake of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland's hands.

—Also among the centennial passengers are D. F. Forthey, Fr. Bible and Chas. R. Kurtz.

—About two weeks ago Mr. J. J. Gramley found a weed in his clover field, which is a new one, and seems to have got there in cloverseed from the east. It grows from 1 to 2 ft. in height and has a bluish white like the camellia and the size of a silver dollar which on ripening forms into a ball and is full of seeds. Some call it the wild carrot, or wild daisy, and it is said to be worse than the Canada thistle. So farmers had best keep a sharp eye on it.

—The Lock Haven market: Potatoes, 60c. per bushel; apples, 40c. per bushel; crab apples, 50c. per bushel; peaches, 25 to 50c. per peck; grapes, 5c. per pound; butter, 20 to 22c. per pound; eggs, 15c. per dozen; chickens, 40 to 50c. per pair; cabbage, 5c. per head; tomatoes, 75c. per bushel; egg plant, 5c.; corn, 8c. per dozen; huckleberries, 5c. per quart.

—A nice line of 5c dress goods—Garman.

—A Jersey for 48c.—Garman.

ON NITTANY MOUNTAIN.

THE GRANGERS IN THEIR GLORY. BIG PREPARATIONS FOR A BIG TIME.

The top of the mountain, a short distance from here, has all the appearance of a busy little town. The grangers have been industriously at work, putting up stands and tents for their biggest picnic. Men who have ground privileges are there putting up their shanties and booths for vending anything from a peanut up to huge water melons. There are three photo galleries on the ground. About a dozen pea-nut and confectionery stands. A merry go-round, or flying horse.

Agricultural implements of every description are on the ground. A large tent for the exhibition of hardware.

D. C. Keller's boarding tent is 48x25 and filled with a long table to feed the hungry. He says the handsome sum of \$85 of the privilege, and we hope he will come out all right.

Booser & Brisban gave \$200 for the entire hawking right, and get \$15 for each stand selling lemonade, pea-nuts, or refreshments of any description.

The main stand is large and handsomely decorated, and flags flutter in the breeze in all quarters, with a large one stretching across the pike.

Every Grange in the county has a separate tent for its headquarters. The county grange has its headquarters and the state grange has a tent for its headquarters.

There are some 50 canvas tents, obtained from the state, N. G. P. These are planted in four rows, making three avenues, in the rear of the main stand, and occupied by families and exhibitors who take a fancy to camping.

In front of the main stand is a large, wide avenue, on either side lined by board tents and booths, for hucksters and exhibits.

To have all this arranged, planned and planted required work and sweat, and two weeks have been thus put in, to insure this the biggest picnic yet held here, and to show that some things can be done by some fellows as well as by others.

Tuesday teams were busy hauling provisions, household goods, implements, etc., to the mountain. Many articles were shipped here by rail.

Millions of water "millions" seem to have gone to the top of the mountain; lakes of ice cream; rivers of lemonade; banks of pea-nut stacks of candy, with ginger pop, and coffee hot, and sandwiches, anything and everything to rack in the shelves.

A canvas tent, with bunk of straw, for the two days, cost \$3.

There will be considerable live stock on exhibition.

A dancing floor, independent of the grange ground, has been erected by the Hicor family, at the edge of the woods, a short distance from the main picnic ground.

Hay and straw are furnished free for stock on exhibition.

The telephone brings the camp in instant communication with the outside world.

Hacks run continually between Centre Hall and the mountain top.

The Spring Mills band arrived Tuesday evening.

Thursday the crowd on the mountain was immense; carriages and wagons came in one continuous stream through town from all directions.

Families camping on the mountain are those of L. Rhone, master of state grange, L. Neff, W. P. Shoop, Saml. Durst, Oscar Stover, J. Conley, J. J. Arney, George Dale, Wm. A. Boal, Jas. A. Keller, and others.

WATER MELONS, TRUMP.

Observing the teams that wended their way to the top of the mountain, we got a good idea of the variety of articles. First was a team with a harrow and water melons; the next had water melons and an organ; then came a fence machine and water melons; next a wagon with pea-nuts and water melons; then a wagon with three men and some water melons; then a wagon with a reaper and water melons; next a wagon with water melons; next a wagon with cakes, pies, and water melons; then one with water melons and ice cream; then a wagon with tents and some water melons; then a wagon with water melons and some implements; next a wagon with water melons and another wagon with water melons; and another with w. m's; next a wagon with implements and w. m's; next some boys on foot, each with a slice of w. m's; then a wagon with a stove and water melons; next a wagon with two empty barrels and some water melons; then another wagon with an organ and some water melons; again a wagon with water melons; next water melons in a wagon; then more water melons; still more wagons with water melons. At this point we got tired noting, and guess water melons are still on the go and all the go.

The crowd on the mountain, Wednesday, was large, and the best of order was maintained.

The master of the state grange, Mr. Rhone, called the assembly to order, at 2 p. m., and introduced the master of the county grange, Mr. Jas. F. Keller, who delivered an appropriate address of Welcome; his remarks were well received, and he was followed by Mr. Brown, of York, who was the main speaker for the day.

R. H. Thomas, manager of the Williams Grove picnic, arrived on Wednesday evening by train.

Among the exhibits are furniture by McCormick Bros, implements by W. P. Shoop, organs, fence machines by Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Solt, also reapers, mowers, rakes &c, blooded horses by Thompsons of Lemont, Holstein cattle by Abe Miller; there are others whose names we did not get.

Wednesday night there was a fight between railroad freight hands and some Bellefontes on the mountain.

Dr. Alexander had a buggy wheel completely smashed by another team.

—All the new styles in dress goods—Garman.

—Oxydized girdles, the newest fancy—Garman.

—Dress goods, velvets, satins and plushes—Garman.

—Did you see our new China and Bric-a-brac?—Garman.

—On Monday evening the agents at the station were busy attending to work outside, a bundle of papers was quietly slipped from the express office, which was held to await payment of expressage. The agents, fortunately, spied the bundle on a wagon for town, and overtook it, and had it brought back. Wonder whether any of our list names were to be used on it?

LOCAL PENCILINGS.

—Heavy rain on Tuesday.
—Tuesday was foggy and gloomy.
—Little bells, kettles, lanterns, etc.—Garman.
—Don't forget our new dress goods.—Garman.
—See our 30c kid gloves, were 75c per pair.—Garman.
—Little bells, kettles and umbrellas—Garman.

—Daniel Kerlin, near Bellefonte, died on Monday morning.

—New pattern braids, passmentries and all the new styles in dress goods.—Garman.
—William I. Curtin died at Philipsburg on Tuesday morning.

—Have you a friend going to get married? This is the place to select presents.—Garman.

—Robert Cassidy made the after-dinner speech at the Veterans' re-union, on Saturday.

—The valuable farm of Wm. Emerick, dec'd, is advertised at public sale, in the Reporter.

—A very valuable mare died for Rev. Yearick, of Aaronsburg, on last Sunday night.

—Cider apples and all kinds of winter apples, for sale by Miss Sarah Arnold 1 mile east of Centre Hall. 3c.

—The Gazette Fiedler now imagines he is the mad King of Bavaria and has taken to peeling potatoes.

—Any one wishing to purchase a desirable home in Hains tp., read ad. of B. M. Greninger, in Reporter.

—C. M. Bower and family, of Bellefonte, spent a few days of last week among their Penns valley friends.

—Sheriff Spangler has a Durham cow in his drove of cattle, which tips the scales at 1400 lbs. Heap big cow.

—Thanks to representative Wood ward for Small's Handbook, Laws of 1887, and other public documents.

—Thomas Mingle, son of H. A. Mingle, of Aaronsburg, has come in from Iowa, on a visit to the parental home.

—Dr. C. S. Musser, of Aaronsburg, has returned from Washington, where he had been attending medical congress.

—Mrs. Lizzie Shelly, of Richfield, Pa. with her two children, are visiting her mother, Mrs. Sarah Shaffer, of Aaronsburg.

—The Centre county corn crop is safe against frost now. The crop is a good one. The same may be said of the rest of the state.

—John E. Cronemiller, of near Windham, Indiana, formerly of the Loop, has rented his farm, and thinks of again going back to Joliet, Ill.

—Squire Rote, of Aaronsburg, had his eye teeth cut by a man in the poultry business, by the name of Albert Sherman, of Littletown, Pa.

—Miss Mary Burkholder, youngest daughter of Felix Burkholder, dec'd died of typhoid fever, and was buried at Centre Hall, on Tuesday forenoon.

—Suits made to order, at the Philadelphia Branch, where one of the best tailors in the state is employed. Satisfaction guaranteed as to prices and fit.

—The Reporter, for the campaign, 15 cents. If you want a straight, honest Democratic paper, for the campaign, send your 15 cents for the Reporter.

—Mrs. Danile Runkel of Georges valley, died on Monday, of apoplexy. She ate her supper apparently well, soon after complained of being ill, and died in a short time. Funeral Wednesday.

—Get your ready made clothing at the Philadelphia Branch, and you will not be imposed upon and save money besides. Lewins always deals fairly, and sells lowest in the county.

—Jessie Hackenberg, Luther Wert's hireling, of Aaronsburg, last week got his fighting spirit up, and the result was he had to leave the county with the promise not to return for three years.

—Cornelius Musser, of Woodward, who had his leg broken some four weeks ago, and was not healing, has called in three doctors, who found the leg four inches too short and not united. They stretched it to the required length, re-set it, and he is getting along well.

FOUND AT LAST!

Ever since shoes were first made, manufacturers all over the world have tried to produce a shoe at a nominal price that would take the place of a hand sewed, but all such attempts failed, until June 2, 1885, when the J. F. Hill & Co. Improved Sewed Welt \$3 Shoe was put upon the market; since that time there has been over 150,000 (one hundred and fifty thousand) pairs sold, and in 99 cases out of every 100, they have been pronounced equal in Flexibility, Style and Comfort to the best \$6.00 Hand Sewed Shoe made.

For sale by E. GRAHAM & SON, Bellefonte, Pa.

REBERSBURG.

The Reformed Missionary Society celebrated its 1st anniversary on Wednesday eve, 7th, at which time several addresses, dialogues were rendered, which were highly appreciated by a large audience. The society has 40 members and reports \$17 as the financial result of its first year.

The Reformed pulpit was filled on Sunday afternoon by William Auman, of Millheim, and he had an able discourse. Rev. Lehart filled his pulpit after a month's vacation granted him to recruit his health. The Rev. seems to have recovered his former vigor.

Visitors to our town were D. J. Meyer, Centre Hall; C. M. Bower and wife, and Mrs. A. Lutenbach, Bellefonte.

Ir. W. Small, of Newton, Kan., has returned to Rebersburg again to visit his many friends, and to take to himself a wife, one of the fair daughters of Loganville, Miss Ida Hoover. They will be married this week. Ir. is an engineer on the railroad.

The scholars had a party on Friday night, at Jos. Kremer's and came home at the 'we hour' of the morning, and on Saturday night one took lessons on the spinning wheel until midnight, and the old man couldn't sleep. Don't run the wheel quite so fast after this.

Jasper Wolf, living on Henry Royer's farm, missed a hog one evening, and he searched the field over and could not find it. One evening this week they were in the same field and found a hole where the ground had recently caved in, below it was some wider. When he found this hole he stepped close to the side of it, the ground fell and the hog came out. It was fat when missed, and was but a skeleton when found. On Aug. 6 the hog was missed, and was very near five weeks without food or water. The hog is eating and will get all right again.

A FEW FACTS.

One of the most important items of your yearly expenses is that of shoe leather. You cannot get along without it, and in buying you can not be too careful—shams and counterfeits in this line are abundant, and it is always the best policy to deal only with honest and reliable parties. For years Powers' shoe store, at Bellefonte, has held a most estimable reputation for fair and square dealing. They also have the reputation for keeping the largest and completest stock of Boots and Shoes to be found in Central Pennsylvania. In prices they can meet any, and beat all in their line. This is "big talk," but facts are facts and cannot be denied. To fully convince you in regard to the above you are invited to step in and see their immense stock, and prices of same. When in Bellefonte don't fail to call at POWERS' SHOE STORE.